

TORRIBLE ZONE BURSTS.

PAST WEEK HAS BEEN A RECORD BREAKER.

Memory Climbs Up and Peeps Over the Top of the Glass—Many Deaths and Prostrations Reported—Crops in Many States Burning Up.

Hottest in Years.

There is not much in the way of weather that the United States cannot dish up in the course of twenty-four hours. Indeed, coincidentally there may be every conceivable variety of weather in a single day. The meteorological making up what may be styled one unified aggregation of universal climates. As a matter of fact the American weather nowadays is not strictly speaking weather at all; it is an assortment of samples, no sample warranted to "hold." According to former rules of computation the weather should be intensely hot down South; whereas the region of the tropics has been deliciously cool, refreshed by abundant and frequent rains, with now and then a delicate, barely perceptible pinch of frost in the air. In New York, where a reasonable degree of heat would have been admitted, but cool breezes were normal, all records have been broken for last May weather.

While New York was weathering in this way Colorado had lost itself in eight or ten inches of snow. While Texas was being deluged with rain Indiana was burning up with drought. Other sections being for a part of rain upon corn leaf and wheat ear, and a clouding of rain into a downy coat of Nebraska. Now, all this is indicative of bad management somewhere. The distribution is performed in a bunglingly incompetent manner. This business of turning on a burning glass where the earth is already parched and the people suffering, emptying clouds into lakes, and sending a surplus of rain into a State that has an instinctive aversion to water, has been carried to a stupid excess. It is time to stop were ordered.

Record for the Week Appalling.

Tuesday's torridity was the climax of a hot week that broke the record of twenty-five years. In Chicago every day the mercury climbed up to the 90 mark, and several times took a peep over the top of the glass. Not since the bureau began regulating the weather, had the corresponding week been so much warmer. The excessive heat was due to the south wind, the scorching breath from some Mexican inferno that so often sweeps across Kansas and Nebraska, leaving death, destruction and mourning in its track. The record shows a remarkably high temperature from an early hour and a striking drop in the evening. The wind, Chicago did not get the worst of the heat, for at Indianapolis, Louisville and Charleston, S. C., the thermometer registered 100, making the first century record of the season. It was 98 at Washington and Norfolk, Va. The maximum of 95 was reached at Detroit, St. Louis, Springfield, Ill., Chicago, Newville, Memphis and Cincinnati. New York, as usual, played a second act, Chicago, with only 94. Boston had a lucky day, having a sea wind which kept the record down to 90. At 7 o'clock at night Ohio and eastern Indiana were still suffering under a temperature of 90 to 92.

The Rocky Mountain region was enjoying compensation for the suffering of last week. Beyond Iowa and Minnesota the temperature was down to 60 or below. In Colorado and Wyoming it even went as low as 50. There were general rains, with more or less thunder, in Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, and the indications will probably get more showers later. This is likely to prove the longest spell of wet weather the arid section of the West has had for years. Cairo and Nashville also reported showers.

Government correspondents sent in the following as the weather for Monday:
Abilene..... 88 Little Rock..... 74
Bismarck..... 82 Louisville..... 70
Boston..... 90 Memphis..... 72
Buffalo..... 74 Niagara..... 68
Cairo..... 90 Milwaukee..... 76
Cheyenne..... 80 St. Louis..... 78
Chicago..... 90 Springfield..... 70
Cincinnati..... 80 Montreal..... 70
Cleveland..... 90 New York..... 94
Dayton..... 80 Philadelphia..... 78
Denver..... 80 St. Paul..... 78
Des Moines..... 80 Omaha..... 72
Detroit..... 80 St. Peter..... 78
Dodge City..... 80 Palestine..... 70
El Paso..... 80 Pierre..... 70
El Paso..... 80 Portland..... 70
Grand Haven..... 80 Rapid City..... 72
Green Bay..... 78 St. Louis..... 78
Havana..... 80 Salt Lake City..... 68
Huron..... 80 St. Paul..... 78
Indianapolis..... 100 Springfield..... 70
Jacksonville..... 80 Washington..... 98
Kansas City..... 80 Springfield, Mo..... 78
Knoxville..... 80 Toledo..... 74
La Crosse..... 80 Washington..... 98

Many cases of sunstroke are reported. In New York it is safe to say that at least twenty-five persons have died during the last five days as a result of the heated term, and that over 150 have been prostrated and taken to the different hospitals of the city. In the four persons died Monday from sunstroke and many others overcome by heat will not recover. Philadelphia reports seven deaths and nearly fifty prostrations as Monday's addition to the heated term fatalities, while Baltimore and Pittsburgh each record four fatal cases.

The mean temperature for May from 1871 to 1895 is shown in the following table:
1871..... 56 1880..... 65 1888..... 73
1872..... 56 1881..... 61 1889..... 67
1873..... 52 1882..... 63 1890..... 67
1874..... 58 1883..... 63 1891..... 62
1875..... 54 1884..... 64 1892..... 72
1876..... 59 1885..... 64 1893..... 68
1877..... 57 1886..... 67 1894..... 68
1878..... 55 1887..... 60 1895..... 59

The highest notes reached during May, 1895, was 94 degrees, the lowest being 52 degrees. On seventeen days the temperature was above normal, and on fourteen it was below normal. The weather has been more freakish during May this year than in twenty-five years before. On four days—May 1, 23, 30 and 31—the records were smashed, the mercury beating its competitors in former years.

Crops Burning Up.

The most serious condition which ever confronted the farmers of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan reigns in many localities, and every crop is threatened by serious danger—wheat, corn, oats and hay. There has been more than half the usual rainfall this year, and many of the smaller streams are now dry, while wells and cisterns have been dry for weeks. The hot ways of this week has made the condition more alarming. So long as it was cool the growing vegetation held its color, but under the influence of

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As the wall of water passed beyond the city it rapidly spread out over an immense territory, and the powers of destruction were correspondingly increased. The damage, however, was newly shifted, as the extensive alfalfa meadows for many miles to the south were flooded several feet deep, and all details from the south where the torrent passed indicate very extensive damage. Farm products of every description were carried off in many instances where the houses of the farmers were in the immediate vicinity of the valley the disaster was almost ruinous. Small buildings were washed away or undermined in such a manner as to be rendered worthless, and in some sections the water rose so rapidly as to seriously menace the lives of families.

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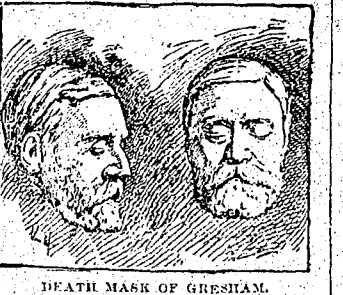
The New York World Polls Congress on Money Matters.

The New York World publishes a telegraphic poll of the next Congress, as far as obtainable, upon the silver, tariff and income tax questions. The World sums up the result as follows: In a general way it may be said that out of 116 members who gave unequivocal answers to the silver question, fifty-five are unqualifiedly in favor of free coinage, forty-four favor bimetallicism, generally with a proviso of an international agreement. Only seven can fairly be classed as favoring a single gold standard, and the attitude of some of these even is not definite. South and far western States are almost unanimous for free coinage. The South Central States are almost unanimous for free coinage. The North Central States lean toward silver, with an international bimetallic qualification and it is only in New York, New England and adjacent Eastern States that there is any avowed gold standard men.

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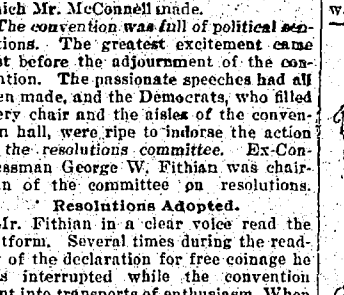
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Lesson for June 10.

Golden Text—"Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."—John 21: 17.

We have for the subject of this lesson Peter and the Risen Lord—John 21: 4-17. How beautiful the scene. A little lake sleeping amid the hills. The first light of day breaking upon it. Yonder some fishermen in a boat. They are pulling empty-handed but heavy-hearted to the shore. Nearer by a figure standing close to the water's edge, whether the boat is making its way. This one seems to have come as silently and mysteriously as the dawn. Suddenly the fishermen catch sight of him. His hand is up, as if in arrest. He acts and speaks with knowledge and authority, and in answer to his direction the boatmen, as if obeying a master, have cast the net again, and on the right side. And now the quiet of the scene is broken by the commotion in the water, leaping fish, straining net. Among some one from the boat has leaped into the water and is struggling toward the shore, and just as a voice is lifted, a swift cry from one with shaded eyes. It is the Lord!

It was morning, and Jesus stood on the shore. "Morning and Jesus! Put them together. They looked up from their fruitless tasks, and there stood Jesus watching them. Brother, sister, his eye is upon us as we toil. Let it identify and happily our labors. "The disciples knew not that it was Jesus." That at the first. Not that their eyes were hidden, save by hopelessness. They simply were not looking for him. We generally see what we are on the watch for. John saw, but who had eyes like John the revelator? "I, John, saw."

"Children, have ye any meat?" A dead man does not ask for meat. When they went to seek him in the garden they were carrying spices for the dead. And nearly the first thing he says to them is: "Have ye any meat?" That, sounds like life. And now the way to worship him is not with mortuary spices. Rome does that. Let us go carrying bread and meat and doing good in his name. He counts it as doing for him. "Cast the net on the right side." Christ knew where the fishes lay. He knew also where the gold and silver of earth were to be found. What if he had given himself prominently to such happy findings? He would not have been Christ. Only once or twice did he reveal the secret of earth. Once or twice that we might know his power and feel confidence in prayer. Only once or twice that we might place the first things first.

And yet he cared for these lower wants, for when they came to shore there were fish upon the coals, and the bread for their hunger. There are no more things taught in those forty days of Christ's after-death pilgrimage on earth than his sympathy with our mortal frailties.

Hints and Illustrations.

Love is the lesson, love and life. Christ's life for us, and Christ's love in us. "It is the Lord!" cried John, and then all work begins anew. Christ was still living, and living with new peace and power. "Lovest thou me?" asked Jesus, and there he gave the secret of all well doing. Unless we love Jesus more than those we are not prepared to sacrifice or serve for him. But if we have his consuming love for souls in us, born of love for him, we shall be able to do any work and suffer any loss in his name. Here is the secret of high Christian achievement.

Love for Christ and love for souls are close akin. They are different manifestations of the same spirit. Loving Christ, we love with his love, and all mankind has a part in it. "Yet more, O my Christ, yet more!" cried Francis Xavier, as he looked up to Christ and forth to his world-wide work. What this "love for souls" is, Rev. William Scriven tells us in his well-known book on the subject: "Love for those who have no spiritual want supplied, and who are in danger of dying in their sins is entirely different from the benevolence which is so often manifested by mere philanthropist. We pity the sick and wounded and try to minister to their wants and to lighten their suffering, but this pity is of a different kind from that felt by God's people for perishing souls. . . . If love for souls is genuine, it will be called forth by the thought of their exposure to punishment after death." We may well pray that this passion may get new hold on the heart of the church.

Keep close to Christ. Expect his smile: be satisfied with that and know that nothing else than that will suffice for the preaching and living of the truth; as it is in Jesus. That instant cry, "It is the Lord!" has strong incidental bearing on the question whether we shall know each other after death. Certainly, though for a while their eyes were hidden, the disciples discerned their Lord. The disciples recognized him then in his glorified body. The only thing that prevented their knowing him always was the unbelief which sometimes clouded their eyes. All the change that took place in him from the church.

The lowly man that once did stray A pilgrim in the world's highway. Oppressed by power and mocked by pride, The Nazarene, the crucified: up to the glory of the skies, will not prevent our knowing Jesus. The change which death will bring to us will be similar to that wrought in Christ. It did not destroy his identity. It will not destroy ours, for we shall be like him."

Next Lesson—"The Saviour's Parting Words."—Luke 24: 44-53.

The World's Way.

If any one man knew everything the rest of the world, instead of respecting him, would hang him.—Atchison Globe.

The Baby's Baldness.

"The baby's awful bald," said Mabel. "Yes; they come bald on purpose. If they had hair they'd pull it all out, and then all that hair would be wasted," said Tommy.—Harper's Young People.

A Threat.

St. Peter—Can't let you in. R. E. Former—Can't, eh? How about this being a good time to put your office under civil-service rules?—New York World.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. S. G. Taylor, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a.m. and 7:15 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:15 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. John Irwin Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday-school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

DANISH EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH—Rev. A. Henriksen, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m., and every Thursday at 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2 p.m.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Whitte, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 6:30 p.m. Sunday-school at 2 p.m.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH—Father H. Weber, Pastor. Regular services the last Sunday in each month. M. A. BATES, W. M.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 355, F. & A. M. meets in regular communication on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, or before the fall of the moon. M. A. BATES, W. M.

MARVIN POST, No. 240, G. A. R., meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. A. C. WILCOX, Post Com.

H. THUMLEY, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 162, meets on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. M. E. HANSON, President. REBECCA WIGG, Sec.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 120. Meets every third Tuesday in each month. JOHN F. HUM, H. P.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 157. Meets every Tuesday evening. M. SIMPSON, N. G.

J. PATTERSON, Sec.

GRAYLING ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 116. Meets alternate Friday evenings. W. McCULLOUGH, C. P.

S. G. TAYLOR, Secretary.

CRAWFORD TENT, G. O. T. M., No. 102. Meets every Saturday evening. A. MCKAY, Com.

W. WOODFIELD

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

GAINING IN ALL LINES

TIDE OF BUSINESS STEADILY RISING.

Many Millionaires Reported Killed in China—Fire Does Tremendous Damage at the Cream City—English Yachts Are Defeated at Sheerness.

Encouraging Trade Reports.
R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: "The tide of business is rising, even as it was falling just two years ago, with surprising rapidity. The gain has gone so far and so fast in some branches that the more conservative fear it may not be maintained. But the period of dulness which comes in such markets after an unusual rise brings as yet nothing like a corresponding decline. Industries gain much, but fall back a little and then gain once more. The demand for consumption steadily increases as the employment and wages of the people increase. Demands for money expand, and bank reports 20 per cent larger in the discounts for the country and another 25 per cent more commercial loans than a year ago, and all but two report some gain. The serious question remains whether the crop will be full enough to sustain a large business, but the worst reports to-day are better by far than the estimates recently current."

KILLED BY CHINESE.

Frightful Reports Concerning the Missionaries at Chengte.
A London cablegram says: A special dispatch from Shanghai says that it is almost certain that a massacre of all the persons connected with the English, French and American missions at Chengte has occurred. Neither men, women nor children have been spared. It is admitted that telegrams have been intercepted by the Government, the object being to conceal the news of the massacre. A French gunboat is en route to Wenchang to investigate the report. Chengte is situated in the province of Pe Chi Li, 100 miles northeast of Peking. The people composing the population of the town are of a low order. The fact that Chengte is so near Peking, the seat of the Chinese Government, makes the outrage all the more flagrant. When the news of the massacre arrived in Shanghai a French gunboat was promptly ordered to Wenchang to investigate. There are several English warships here, and it is expected that they will make a thorough investigation.

FIRE IN MILWAUKEE.

Property Worth Nearly a Million Dollars Is Destroyed.
Fire early Monday morning, in the center of the Milwaukee, Wis., lumber and tannery district, and only eight blocks from the business center of the city, did \$750,000 damage. At 3 o'clock the flames were under control. Foster's and Uhlig's lumber yards, Gallen's tannery, the steamboat Raleigh and the steamboat Lucy Graham were destroyed. The Schlitz brewery had a narrow escape from being burned. Other shipping was damaged, as was considerable other property in the neighborhood.

GOULD VICTORIOUS.

His Yacht Wins a Prize in the London Regatta.
In a fresh contest Howard Gould's twenty-two year Niagara defeated two other yachts of the same class in a race for a prize of £20 in the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club at Sheerness, England. The Prince of Wales's Britannia and A. B. Walker's Alisa were to have started over the same course in a race for a prize offered by their club, but the Alisa's main sail split at the gaff and she was compelled to retire.

TO RESCUE PEARY.

Expedition Being Fitted Out to Sail Next Month.
The whaler Kite has been chartered at St. John's, N. F., to carry an expedition of ten persons to Greenland to rescue Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer. Emile Diebitzsch, Peary's brother-in-law, will have charge of the party. Mrs. Peary will not accompany the party, but will wait for the return of her husband at St. John's. The Kite is to start about the middle of next month.

Farmer's Wife Burned to Death.

Mrs. Joshua Berry, the wife of a young farmer living northeast of Clayton, Ind., was working in the field Friday when she was smoking a pipe. A spark from her pipe ignited her clothing, and she ran screaming to the house, which was near. When she reached the house she was enveloped in flames, and all the clothing was burned from her body. She died next morning.

Inciting to Kill the Queen.

The London Times correspondent at Tananarivo telegraphs that placards have been secretly affixed to church doors in that place inciting the people to kill the Malagasy queen and premier and to welcome the French.

Are Not for Silver.

The Illinois State Bar Association closed its convention at Rock Island after adopting a resolution denouncing the attempt to establish a silver legal tender currency at a ratio of 16 to 1. W. P. Halliday was elected president.

Alfaro Proclaimed Chief.

Gen. Eloy Alfaro has been proclaimed supreme chief of the revolution in Ecuador. He is preparing to leave Nicaragua for Guayaquil.

Chariot Races Run Away.

One of the teams in the chariot race in the Beveridge Wild West Show became frightened and ran away at Decatur, Ind. The driver was thrown against the center pole and received injuries from which he died. A number of other persons were slightly injured.

New Consul for Great Britain.

George Arthur Vansittart, of the British legation at Munich, has been appointed British consul at Chicago to succeed Col. Hayes-Sadler.

Egan Is Formally Appointed.

In the United States Circuit Court at Portland, Ore., Judge Gilbert signed an order appointing John M. Egan receiver of the Oregon Short Line and Utah Northern Railway and also an order allowing the issue of receivers' certificates to the amount of \$750,000.

President's Baggage Arrives.

All of the baggage of President Cleveland's family arrived Monday at Gray Gables, Buzzards' Bay, Mass., accompanied by most of the servants and William Sinclair, the President's steward at the capital. The President's horses also arrived.

BOADED DOWN WITH DEBT.

Cuba Is in No Condition to Pay the Costs of War.

A semi-official statement has been received in Washington from the leaders of one of the most influential elements in Cuba showing that the war expenditures are becoming so enormous and the sugar and tobacco industries so unprofitable that they believe a general uprising will result from the hard times caused. The portion of the statement concerning the desperate conditions prevailing is as follows: "The war expenses of 1898-78 were paid by Cuba. Spain furnished 212,367 tons, but not a single dollar. Cuba was loaded with nearly \$200,000,000 debt, besides a yearly budget of \$38,000,000 in those ten years. Gen. Lovell declared in the Spanish Cortes that the war expenses had been \$700,000,000, or an average of \$70,000,000 a year. Sugar produced then with slave labor for at least 75 cents a pound. Leaf tobacco was sold 100 per cent above to-day's prices. Per cent, sugar sells to-day at 1.80 cents a pound, or 30 per cent below cost of production, and is pressed to its last ditch by German beet sugar. The tobacco industry is ruined beyond redemption, by a tariff which does not pay the cost of labor at to-day's prices. A \$45,000,000 deficit is the last straw on the camel's back. The budget of 1893-4 was closed with a \$6,000,000 deficit and sugar sold then at 2.625 cents a pound, while this year it sells at 1.80 cents a pound."

COTTON DOING FAIRLY WELL.

Corn Promises Well in the South, but Rain Is Needed.

According to the Government weekly crop report, the warm weather of the South has been favorable for cotton, which is reported as doing well in Tennessee and Oklahoma, and is improved in Arkansas and North Carolina, though still backward in the last-named State. In Louisiana the stand has been affected by the cool weather of the preceding week, but it has commenced to grow again. In Texas the early part of the week was unfavorable, but the warm weather of the latter part was favorable for cultivation, which was badly needed. The warm weather has also been beneficial to corn, planting of which over the northern portion of the corn belt is about completed. It is coming up and doing well. Reports from Southern States indicate that corn in that section is in excellent condition. In Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and southern Illinois corn would be greatly benefited by a winter wheat. It is less promising condition in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Missouri, and rust is appearing in Illinois. It is nearly ready for harvest in Kansas and is heading in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Arkansas and Kentucky report improved condition, and prospects in Oregon are excellent.

FIRE IN THE OIL REGION.

Hunter Run, Pa., the Scene of a Serious Forest Blaze.
The locomotive of a lumber railroad set fire to the woods south near Hunter Run, a small settlement 117 miles southwest of Kane, Pa. As soon as the fire was discovered men were sent to the scene to fight it. A high wind was blowing the greater part of the day and the progress of the flames could not be checked. The fire finally reached the oil property of the Midland Oil Company and threatened it with destruction. When the extent of the fire was realized 200 men were sent to Hunter Run. They fought the fire through Saturday night and all day Sunday before they succeeded in getting it under control. A large number of logs were destroyed and two tanks and two boiler houses of the Midland Oil Company were burned. The fire razed about five square miles of forest.

DUPLICATES OF COLUMBIAN BELL.

They Will Be Presented to Russia and the United States.
The Columbian Liberty Bell Committee of New York is in receipt of a letter from Clifton R. Breckinridge, United States minister to Russia, in which he asks for full description and photograph of the great Columbian liberty and peace bell for Mr. Berthaund, the Russian artist, who is charged with making a design of the "Bell of the Peace" that is to be presented, as the result of a popular movement of the people of Russia, to the people of France.

Race for the Pennant.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League:

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Pittsburgh	39	25	14	.641
Chicago	40	24	16	.600
Boston	32	19	13	.594
Cleveland	37	21	16	.568
Baltimore	32	18	14	.563
Cincinnati	32	17	15	.531
New York	36	16	20	.444
Philadelphia	35	18	17	.514
Brooklyn	35	10	25	.286
Washington	36	15	21	.417
St. Louis	39	15	24	.385
Louisville	35	6	29	.171

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the Western League:

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Indianapolis	32	23	9	.719
Minneapolis	30	18	12	.600
Grand Rapids	32	18	14	.563
Milwaukee	33	17	16	.485
Kansas City	33	18	15	.545
St. Paul	32	13	19	.406
Detroit	30	12	18	.400
Toledo	32	12	20	.375

Sailors Forced to Eat Dog Meat.

The steamer Santa Rosa arrived in San Francisco from San Diego and was met by three shipwrecked mariners of the schooner Crest aboard. Captain Harlow of the Crest says that when off Point Conception the schooner was badly disabled by a fierce storm. All of the food was washed overboard, and after drifting about four days with nothing to eat a dog was killed and eaten to appease the hunger of the crew.

Sudden Drop in Temperature.

Wednesday's weather kept up Chicago's record for variable climate. The day began with a temperature of 60 degrees. After the sun was well up in the heavens the temperature rose until 4 p. m., the maximum for the day, 72 degrees was registered. Then for the next ten minutes the mercury dropped a degree a minute under its influence. At 10 o'clock the thermometer in the weather office registered 52 degrees.

More Saved from Wreck.

A special from the City of Mexico says that five more passengers of the Colima have been added to the list of the saved. The five were picked up by one of the rescue crews on the beach at Manquilly, and three of them are now at Puebla on their way to Colima.

Another Murder to Unravel.

At San Francisco, James Howard, a Wells-Fargo Company employe, rushed to the post-mortem station, covered with blood. He was only able to mutter a few words about having been beaten and robbed.

Hangs On to His Job.

Gov. Morrill of Kansas has removed S. W. Chase from the wardenship of the penitentiary and appointed J. Bruce Lynch, of Chanute, as his successor. The removal was made at the suggestion of the investigating committee which recom-

ended Chase guilty of immorality and malfeasance in office. Chase's lawyer has instructed him not to give up his office, claiming that Gov. Morrill's action is illegal. He says he will carry the case to the Supreme Court. It was rumored last night that Chase and his adherents were quietly arming themselves, and that they will, if necessary, hold the office against Lynch by force.

SCORES OF PEOPLE DROWN.

Cloudburst in Germany Results in the Destruction of Life and Property.
A tremendous cloudburst occurred over the Wurttemberg portion of the Black Forest, in Germany. The downfall of water caused the river Bynch to rise and many houses at Ballingen, Frommern, Dirrenberg, and Gersheim were swept away. Ten persons were drowned at Ballingen, seven were killed at Frommern and nine other persons are missing. At Laufen ten persons were killed. The Black Forest is a mountainous region of southwestern Germany in the grand duchy of Baden and the west of Wurttemberg, separating the states of the Rhine and Neckar. In many places it is 3,700 feet above the sea. Neckar, Kinzig, Murg, Elz and other rivers rise in this region. The inhabitants are mainly engaged in rearing live stock, trading in timber and manufacturing wooden clocks, toys and woolen fabrics.

TRAVELING MEN IN SESSION.

Celebrate Close of the Fifth Year of Their Organization.
The Travelers' Protective Association of America, which was organized at Denver, Colo., in June, 1890, held its annual convention in San Antonio, Tex., to celebrate the close of the fifth year of its existence. It has had a remarkably rapid growth in the last two years, beginning with a membership of 3,945 June 1, 1893, reaching 7,052 June 1, 1894, and closing with 10,600 June 1, 1895. The association is now organized in thirty-two States and in ninety-eight large cities of the United States. Two new State divisions have been added during the year—Florida (reorganized) and North Carolina. Twenty-eight new posts have been organized, while three posts have lapsed.

NO PARDON FOR VAN LEUVEN.

Pension Swindler Must Serve Out His Sentence.
The President has denied the application for pardon in the case of George M. Van Leuven, who was convicted in the United States District Court for the Northern District of Iowa for violation of the pension laws and sentenced Dec. 15 to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$1,000. This was quite a celebrated case. Van Leuven was indicted in thirty-seven cases. His pardon is asked on account of ill health, his physician and the warden of the prison certifying to his serious condition. In denying the application for a pardon, the President says: "This convict was leniently treated by the courts, and I do not think the representations as to his health are sufficient to justify his pardon."

KILLED IN THE RUSH.

Sad Sequel to the Riot on the Kickapoo Reservation.
A sad sequel to the wild rush into the Kickapoo reservation was viewed in Guthrie, O. T., Wednesday, when a man named Valcheste, from southwestern Kansas, drove through the city en route to his old home there, having in his wagon a coffin, containing the body of his wife and 5-year-old child, who were both killed in the rush for claims at the recent opening. In the first wild dash Valcheste's wagon struck a stone, was partly overturned, throwing out the wife and little one, who were trampled to death by a score or more of horses.

KANSAS WHEAT.

Southern and Western Portions of the State Badly Damaged.
Conservative estimates of the probable wheat crop in southern and western Kansas show that not more than half a crop will be raised. Taking Oklahoma and the Indian territory as a whole, there will probably not be as much wheat raised as was put in for seed. Corn in southern Kansas is in splendid condition, and the prospects indicate the largest crop for years.

MISSIONARY STATIONS RUINED.

Chinese Rioters Destroy Much Property at Ching Too.
Intelligence has been received that the French Catholic and English and American missionary property at Ching Too, capital of the province of Yunnan, Western China, was destroyed by rioters. The missionaries are reported to be safe in the official Yamen. The province of Szechuen has been termed the "Texas of China." Ching Too is the capital city.

Big Relay Ride.

A big relay race between Chicago and New York started promptly at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. Two riders were started in each one of the relays, each man carrying a message to Gen. Nelson A. Miles in New York.

Formosan Republic Dead.

The republic proclaimed by Potoshi has collapsed and President Tang has escaped. The Chinese forces in North Formosa are disorganized at the approach of the Japanese.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75 to \$6.25; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$5.00; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.50 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 76c to 77c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2, 28c to 29c; rye, No. 2, 65c to 67c; butter, choice creamery, 15c to 16c; eggs, fresh, 11c to 12c; potatoes, car lots, per bushel, 45c to 65c; broom corn, per lb, common growth to fine brush, 4c to 7c. Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$5.75; hogs, choice light, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, common to prime, \$2.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2, 83c to 85c; corn, No. 1 white, 52c to 54c; oats, No. 2 white, 33c to 35c. St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$3.00; hogs, \$4.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 81c to 82c; corn, No. 2, 48c to 49c; oats, No. 2, 28c to 29c; rye, No. 2, 67c to 69c. Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50 to \$6.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, \$2.50 to \$3.00; corn, No. 2, 85c to 86c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 32c to 33c; rye, No. 2, 68c to 69c. Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$5.75; hogs, \$4.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 82c to 83c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 50c to 52c; oats, No. 2 white, 34c to 35c; rye, 68c to 69c. Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 84c to 85c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2 white, 32c to 34c; rye, No. 2, 64c to 66c. Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$6.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$5.00; sheep, \$2.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 1 hard, 81c to 82c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 55c to 57c; oats, No. 2 white, 35c to 36c. Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 77c to 78c; corn, No. 3, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2 white, 31c to 32c; barley, No. 2, 49c to 51c; rye, No. 1, 66c to 67c; pork, mess, \$12.00 to \$12.50. New York—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$5.00; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 80c to 81c; corn, No. 2, 57c to 58c; oats, No. 2 white, 35c to 37c; butter, creamery, 14c to 16c; eggs, Western, 12c to 13c.

SOUTHERN WOMEN AT THE CHICAGO MONUMENT DEDICATION.



Miss Catherine Stewart, Chicago. Miss Virginia L. Mitchell, Charleston. Miss Lucy Lee Hill, Chicago. Miss W. B. Walker, Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. K. D. Currie, Dallas, Texas. Miss Laura L. Mitchell, Charleston. Mrs. Albert Akers, Washington. Miss Belle Armstrong, Washington.

A TRAMP'S RIDE.

He Was Found Hidden Under the Pilot of the Locomotive.
There are two different kinds of tramp. There is the Wandering Willie, who travels about from place to place, keeping within the circumscribed area of three or four States, and there's his brother, who hops from Boston to Pensacola, or from Philadelphia to Chicago. This fellow yearly makes a dozen or two tours of the country, and he accomplishes these feat-like feats by using the railroads. The ingenuity he displays in evading the officers is remarkable, and the risk he runs in tucking himself away under car and cabooses are sometimes hair-curling. A delay was out of the question, the work was promptly packed off to another firm. But the union was up to the move, and the firm which proposed to give its help was warned that such a step would be taken at its peril. The moldings were sent from one place to another, but the delegates set apart as watchers were always on the trail, and every attempt to have the work done seemed to be checkmated. As a last resource, the moldings one night were put on a barge, towed down the canal, and there painted a fresh color and stamped with a French mark. Thus changed they excited no suspicion, and secured admission to the yards. All went well until the work was about completed, and then in some way a whisper got abroad that a trick had been played. No sooner had the rumor gone the round of the yard than the puzzled delegates appeared upon the spot, furious at being so dexterously hoodwinked. They boarded the principal in his office, and announced their intention of calling out the men at once. But they were a day too late. The principal was not to be browbeaten. He expressed himself delighted, stated that there was no work on hand, and he was about to give notice himself, and begged the delegate who was acting as spokesman to act forthwith without the loss of a minute. It was now the delegates' turn to turn tail, and after a short consultation they generously, as they declared, gave the firm the benefit of the doubt, and retired from the field, leaving the ready-witted partner to laugh in his sleeve. The works, needless to say, were neither closed nor placed on short time.



PERFECTLY SAFE.

few days ago a Pennsylvania Railroad engine ran into the West Philadelphia yard, after making a run from Pittsburg, and stepping to the front of the machine, the engineer discovered a man hidden away under the pilot. He had hidden hundreds of miles in this perilous position, and did not seem at all fagged out by his experience. He had crawled in when the engine was standing over an ash pit, and it was necessary to run the engine over another such opening in the track before he could be released.

CHINESE WOMAN'S FOOT.

Effect of Tight Binding as Resorted To by Celestial Ladies of High Castes. The picture here re-produced is from a photograph of a Chinese lady. It shows the effect of tight binding, a method resorted to by the women of high caste to keep their feet small. Large feet are looked upon as a sign of vulgarity in China.



FOOT OF A CHINESE WOMAN.

method resorted to by the women of high caste to keep their feet small. Large feet are looked upon as a sign of vulgarity in China.

Outwitting the Trade Unionists.

An English paper tells a story, which goes to show that, resourceful as they are, even delegates of trades unions sometimes have to confess themselves outwitted. A certain firm of marine engineers in the north of England had the misfortune to incur, for some trivial offense, the displeasure of the union, with the result that the men were ordered out, and an entire stop was put to the work then in the shops. As it happened, an order for the boilers of a new vessel had just been received. As



CHALLENGED.

sent alone in the jury box, A "provisional juror," too; And I had been badgered and lashed and probed. To find out how much I knew. A gentleman took me in hand at first, And praised my intelligence, But afterwards held me up to scorn. As a man without common sense. Another gentleman proved me a fool. And a liar—conclusively— But afterwards said that the jury box

STRAY BURROS.

They Furnish a Desert Indian With a Livelihood.

An old Indian, known to prospectors as "Figtree John," has for many years lived alone beside a large spring in the Colorado desert in San Diego county. His home is one of the most hospitable and inaccessible spots on the earth's surface and the last place one would expect to find a human being living in contentment. It is close to the Mexican line, and about fifty miles east of the hills that form the western boundary to the waste of white sand.

At all seasons of the year the heat is infernal and the awful hot wind blows day and night. Five yards from the spring in any direction there is not a living green thing in sight—only the blinding glare of the sandy plain stretching for miles on all sides until it joins the foothills in a shimmering purple hue. Figtree John's place, however, is a tiny oasis of about 200 square feet. The spring is a large one, and the water pure and fresh when it bubbles from the earth. But it evaporates during the day almost as fast as it comes from the ground, so that the surface is only moistened for a small extent. On the edge of the spring grasses and weeds grow, and one large fig tree spreads its branches over the whole spot.

The tree bears fruit almost the year around and also serves as a shelter for John. Burros are spread on the ground and camp utensils scattered around. But there are always plenty of things to eat and drink that have been brought from the markets of civilization, and the way John obtained these was a puzzle to the prospectors for a long time. He never did any work and certainly could not raise nor find anything to sell anywhere near his place. But it seems John's money has always come to him without an effort. He simply lay down and waited.

It is horrible to think about, but he waited for the pack burros of prospectors who had been over-ruled by thirst and died in the desert. John's place is several miles off the trail of prospectors, and to and from the gold country, and hundreds of bleaching bones have been found in the vicinity. Most of these men have several burros and good outfits when they start, but somehow they lose the trail or are overtaken by sandstorms. All share the same fate—a few days of horrible suffering and then death. The burros, being more hardy than the men, are more able to stand the hardships, and when their masters lie down and die in the burning sand they find water by instinct. Since old John has been at the spring a large number have come to his place crazy for water. Of course he takes care of them and makes a search for their owners, or holds them for identification. Sometimes they have expensive outfits, showing the owner to have been a tenderfoot that expected to find a mountain of gold. The provisions in the packs John has always appropriated after a certain time, and the burros he has sold to people in the foothills to whom he makes periodical trips. On one occasion a whole train of burros came to his place, and the owners were never found, so that John cleared several dollars just by waiting under his fig tree.

Old John is perfectly happy in his desert home, and is well pleased to have prospectors die in the desert, so long as their burros come to the spring. He takes good care of the animals and becomes very friendly with them. He never sells any of them or the contents of their packs for at least a year, but keeps them in case any one calls to claim them. But nobody ever calls to claim stray burros that are driven by thirst to Figtree John's place.

The Art of Breathing.

It is perhaps one of the signs of the times, to those alert for indications, that the art of breathing has become more and more a subject of attention. Oculists as well as physiologists go deeply into its study in a way hardly to be touched upon here. Physicians have cured aggravated cases of insomnia by long-drawn regular breaths, fever-stricken patients have been quieted, stubborn forms of indigestion made to disappear. A tendency to consumption may be entirely overcome, as some authority has within the last few years clearly demonstrated, by exercises in breathing. Sickness, too, may be surmounted, and the victim of hypochondria taught to withstand the force of any energy directed against him.

There is a famous physician of Munich, who has written an extensive work upon the subject of breathing. He has, besides formulated a system by which asthmatic patients are made to walk without losing breath, while sufferers from weakness of the heart are cured. At Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, his patients (almost every royal house of Europe is represented) are put through a certain system of breathing and walking. The mountain paths are all marked off with stakes of different colors, each indicating the number of minutes in which a patient must walk the given distance, the breathing and walking being in time together. As the cure progresses the ascents are made steeper and steeper.

Politeness Pays.

When Mr. H. H. Kohlhaas, the new proprietor of the Chicago Times-Herald, entered the office the other day to take possession, the first person he saw was the cashier, who sat behind his desk with his money stacked neatly in front of him. The man did not know the new proprietor, and when Mr. Kohlhaas approached and politely asked him for change for a \$5 bill he curtly replied that he had his money all arranged and entered, and did not care to disturb it. Mr. Kohlhaas said that he would be satisfied with five silver dollars, but the cashier absolutely declined to accommodate him. Mr. Kohlhaas went away, and in a few minutes the cashier was informed as to his identity. He now is wondering where he is at.

History of the Barometer.

Professor G. Hellmann gives a very interesting account of the invention of the barometer, which has now been in use 250 years. Torricelli, who died in the early age of 39 years, was too busy engaged in mathematical studies to publish an account of his discovery, but on June 11, 1644, he wrote a description of it to his friend Ricci. This letter, and Ricci's objections to the experiment, were published in 1663 by C. Dull, a friend of Torricelli's, and, as this work is now exceedingly scarce, Professor Hellmann has reprinted the correspondence, in the original Italian, in the below-mentioned journal. Some of the paragraphs, "Nature," says are noteworthy, especially those in which Torricelli states that it was not merely a question of producing a vacuum, but of making an instrument which would indicate the changes of the atmosphere. The continuous barometrical observations appear to have been first taken by Robert Boyle, about the year 1659, to whom we owe the invention of the word "barometer."

He Could Do Better.

Gambetta once offered a prefecture, with a salary of six thousand francs, to an incorrigible Bohemian, who, however, declined with thanks, saying: "I can make more than that by borrowing." It is lots of fun: quitting smoking, and then beginning again.

A POLICEMAN FAILS IN HIS JOKE.

Tries to Have Some Fun with His Wife but Is Nearly Fooled.

A great deal of amusement was caused on an east-bound electric car the other afternoon by a vagabond policeman, who selected his wife for his victim. The policeman had done duty at the ball park, and his wife had been to see the game. While the crowd was leaving the woman stood about the front of the car and waited for her husband to ride up town with him. He finally arrived, and the pair boarded a crowded car. Both were young and only recently married, and they enjoyed themselves hugely on the way.

The woman wore a handsome little gold watch, evidently a present from her husband. While half the people in the car were looking, and while his wife was speaking to a woman acquaintance outside the car, the policeman deftly took the watch from his wife's pocket and transferred it to his pistol pocket. When the car reached 18th street the policeman remarked that it was a few minutes past 6 o'clock, and everybody in the car looked at the policeman's wife.

Of course she did what everyone in the car expected she would. She felt for her watch. It seemed as if a sudden violent pain had attacked the woman's heart. Her face became very pale and her eyes dilated. Her husband seemed greatly alarmed, and asked her what the matter was. She looked over the crowd in the car like a frightened fawn. It was a full minute before she could speak. Then she whispered in her husband's ear loud enough for the intensely interested spectators to hear: "I have been touched; some one has stolen my watch." Her eyes began to grow dim, and before the policeman could answer a big tear rolled down her cheek and fell into her lap.

"Here is the watch," was only joking with you," and the policeman felt back for his pocket.

Then a

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

A circus elephant in Salt Lake got a frog in her throat, but did not croak. On the contrary, the beast recovered.

Mrs. Frank Leslie says she is going abroad "to comfort Lady Wilde." She knows that as a comforter Willie doesn't amount to much.

It looks as though the Baltimore Base-ball Club would do well to show off its pennant as much as possible during the rest of this season.

Frances Willard wants to know "why a man should not be just as beautiful as a woman." Well, principally because he isn't built that way, Frances.

George Washington may have been a great and good man, but it must be remembered that he was the first to make the Hessian fly in this country.

If times keep on improving Mrs. Hetty Green will be able to treat herself to three meals a day, with occasional pleasure rides on the Brooklyn street cars.

It is said that Du Maurier gets \$1,000 a week from "Tribune." This will give some faint idea of what he might get from a grateful public if he would suppress "Tribune."

Ex-President Harrison charged \$15,000 for his services in a will litigation recently. And yet magazine writers are discussing "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?"

The Rev. Dr. Henson, of Chicago, thinks the world would be at peace if it were not for women. Most of the pews in the churches would be vacant if it were not for women.

A Kansas City practical joker found a stranger asleep in a depot and poured a pailful of cold water down his back. The stranger promptly awoke and thrashed the joker within an inch of his life. Some folks never know how to take a joke, but we are pleased to note that some other folks do.

California now produces nearly all the "genuine Spanish olives" used in this country, and the industry is a very profitable one. Besides being cheaper, the California olives are much better than the foreign variety, and producers of the latter will soon find themselves barred entirely from the American market.

A few nights ago the whole garrison of Paris was mobilized without warning at an hour's notice. Directions were sent at 11 o'clock to have the men ordered out at midnight, ready for war; they were armed, provided with ammunition, and marched through the streets to the different railroad stations within two hours.

There are seventy thousand acres given up to the cultivation of oysters along the Long Island Sound front of Connecticut, and the land and plants are valued at four million dollars. The product, when sold, must return nearly one million dollars annually, and yet the Connecticut oyster plant is only a fraction of the value of the Chesapeake Bay plant. The latter is probably worth twenty million dollars.

Few people know that the population of Portugal, including Madeira and the Azores, is only 5,049,720, of whom 2,619,390 are females, and four-fifths of the population are unable to read or write. Lisbon has 612,000, of whom 394,388 are unable to read or write. It is not surprising, although the census was taken five years ago, the Government has only just made up its mind to publish these figures, which it would be hard to beat in any country of the world claiming to be civilized.

The organ of the Greek Church in Russia recently replied to the invitation of the Pope for a union of the Greek and Roman churches that such a project was impossible, and warned the Pope that if it were seriously attempted it would only add to the membership of the former. Since this invitation was sent out the Pope has tendered a similar one to the Anglican Church. The organs of that church, however, reply that such a union cannot take place. The Roman Church must come back to the Anglican fold, which it left centuries ago, and renounce its errors. This, of course, Rome will not do, and there you are. So the outlook is favorable for the continuance of three infallible churches.

The Omaha Bee is exultant over the promises of the Wyoming fields and the prospects that Omaha may reap some of the benefits therefrom, though Denver will be a strong competitor, as it is already figuring for a pipe line from Wyoming. It is expected by the experts that these fields are long will be the most prolific sources of oil in this country, especially as it is generally conceded that the Ohio and Pennsylvania are giving out. Hence the Bee urges that the Omaha capitalists should strike at once. It claims Omaha occupies the same relative position towards the Wyoming oil fields as Cleveland to those of Ohio and Pennsylvania. That the oil fields are chiefly near the head waters of the Platte, and consequently there will be a natural fall all the way to Omaha, and that while as a refining center Denver would have equal advantage, as a distributing center Omaha would be way ahead of its rival. It says: "The railroad lines converging in Omaha would cover a territory that has now to be supplied from Ohio and Pennsylvania, and the saving of freights in carrying the oil by pipe line instead of rail to the Missouri River would afford a very decided margin in favor of Omaha."

It is a little more than forty years since the name of Florence Nightingale became known to all the world. It was in the midst of the Crimean war, when disease was more fatal than Russian guns to the English soldiers, when, through lack of proper nursing and care and food, thousands of men were dying. Her noble work in saving the

lives of the soldiers and nursing them back to health and strength is more than a twice-told tale, and is known throughout Christendom. It has won for her a name more enduring than marble, for her name is engraved on the hearts of mankind. Among the noble and eminent women of her time she stands the foremost and the best loved. She has just passed her seventy-fifth birthday, and has received the congratulations of hosts of friends, the Queen being one of the foremost, writing her an autograph letter. The whole world rejoices that she is still with us, and prays that she long may be.

The Legislature of Michigan has just passed a law restoring the penalty of capital punishment for murder. For many years in that State the penalty had been imprisonment for life, and it has not been entirely satisfactory to the people. In successive legislatures attempts had been made to restore the death penalty, but without avail until the present moment. This now leaves Maine, Rhode Island and Wisconsin as the only States where the death penalty may not be enforced. Whether this is an advance or retrogression the social science philosophers may discuss, but it is a noteworthy fact that several of the States, such as New York and Iowa, and now Michigan, after having abolished capital punishment, restored it again after the lapse of some years. Michigan gave the experiment the long test—one might say a thorough test—for the law has been in force at least a generation. What the statistics show, if there are any affecting the question, does not appear, for they have not been published, but this change, after so long a trial, is significant. It proves that, in the popular opinion, the penalty of imprisonment for life is not adequate to the crime. Of course, we all know it is not severity of punishment that deters from crime. When, in the last century and the early part of this, hanging was the penalty for all kinds of crimes in Great Britain, from sheep stealing to murder and treason, it was hangingman's harvest all the time. Black-sixty offenses for which the penalty was death, and yet crime was never so prevalent. No can be proved that the death penalty ever held back a single murderer determined on the crime, but there is evidence to show that men have been willing to run the chances of imprisonment for life in order to revenge themselves upon an enemy. There are examples of several most atrocious murders in Michigan and Wisconsin by men who coolly weighed the consequences of their crime. Whether the death penalty would have stopped them or not, no one can say, but in our present state of civilization it is just as well to have it on the statute books. Doubtless it is true, as Sir Henry Wotton long ago remarked, that "hanging is the worst use a man can be put to," but there are cases where it is the only use. It is just as well to have a penalty for the most dreadful of crimes, whereby it will be made certain that the criminal will commit no more.

Meats to Tempt the Invalid.
The lecture was on meats for invalids, and in the large audience was the entire normal class of the Boston Cooking School. The first thing prepared was a young pigeon. The breast bone can be removed with a small, pointed knife, thus leaving the bird whole for the patient to eat. Have ready a broiler which has been brushed with soft butter; lay the bird perfectly flat, with the legs crossed, brush slightly on both sides with butter. Broil, with the flesh side close to the fire, until it is seared, and then move slowly for about ten minutes. Sprinkle with salt and a little pepper if the physician allows it, and serve on a slice of toast and garnish with parsley.

A slice of porterhouse steak served for the next illustration. There should be at least a half inch edge of fat, the lecturer explained, and the meat should be well veined with fat. Cut off the flank for soup and cut the meat from the upper side of the bone, which is more juicy than the tenderloin; broil this for a few minutes and squeeze out all the juice. Pour this over the tenderloin after it has been broiled, thus supplying the juice that it lacks.

From a thin strip cut from the end of the round the lecturer scraped the entire surface of red meat, leaving only the muscular tissue, which a sick person cannot digest easily. By slightly browning in little balls, about the size of a chestnut, or in wafers of stale bread this is very palatable. These sandwiches are delicious if they are toasted to a light brown.

Instant heat is necessary to keep juices in meat, but to prepare chicken jelly the juice is to be extracted. Disjoint a fowl, put the pieces in a double boiler with a pint and a half of cold water, and let it heat for two and a half hours, then add a tiny bit of mace, one clove, a little celery and a sprig of parsley. Let this simmer half an hour longer.—Boston Transcript.

Fishing in a Cornfield.
In Colorado is a ten-acre field, which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eight inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If anyone will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Anyone having sufficient strength to drive a nail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether.

Inflammation.
Equal parts of lime water and sweet oil well mixed will form a kind of soap which is very efficacious in taking out or removing inflammation, as well as for healing wounds caused by burns or scalds.

GOWNS AND GOWNING.

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Chief Glances at Vanele Femine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading May Prove Restful to Wearied Workman.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.
New York correspondence.

GOOD results have come from the protests of physicians against the use of all-crepe mourning garments, and now for summer mourning, even as worn in the first six months of widowhood, crepe is used rather than as an accessory or elaboration of the costume than as the material for its entire make-up. Time was when during the early months of deep mourning it was necessary to let the long veil hang over the face, but medical men were against this, especially in hot weather, and it was unwise from many points of view, so it is no longer imperative. The veil may be of heavy crepe, but silk muslin is preferable. It is so attached to the little bonnet that it can be drawn across the face or allowed to hang permanently there, though as a rule it depends from the back of the bonnet, reaching almost or quite to the foot of the skirt.

For a widow and for the older daughters heavy mourning is expected for six months, and for the former strict taste demands a year of such wear. For her that means black cashmere, crepe or bombazine, a widow's cap and the veil over the face; for the daughter it means all black, of which crepe forms a part. Bombazine, always accepted as a mourning material, is now especially acceptable because of its vogue under the name of mohair, and because it is the coolest form of black mourning goods to be had.

A suitable model of heavy mourning for a young widow is shown here in the first illustration. The skirt is of bombazine, which takes admirably this



STYLISH AND TASTEFUL.

chip trimmed with feathers is worn. Long gloves ought not to be used with deep mourning, the correct method being to have the sleeve come over the wrist of the glove, which for daughters or lighter widows' wear may be of heavy black plique with wide stitching.

Very small children are not necessarily put in black, the rule being merely that while the older women of the family are in heavy mourning the children should appear in white as much as possible, and at no time in notably bright colors. Showiness of ornamentation is the worst possible taste, and jewelry and faddish accessories of all kinds being counted among such. The encrusting of crepe with mourning set is no longer admissible. Parasols come in all crepe with ebony handles for widows in deep mourning, and later black silk ones with lustrous black handles are proper. Black-bordered handkerchiefs are not good form, though a fine black line through the hem is admissible, and a very small monogram may be embroidered on in black.

A very correct and appropriate mourning costume for a young married daughter is of black mohair in summer quality, and is the subject of the final sketch. Its skirt is in the prevailing pattern, a little wrap has a deep crepe yoke front reaching to the waist and crepe epaulettes cover the shoulders and arms to the elbow. The under cape is of Henrietta cloth, the two over it of pleated chiffon. Two long tabs of crepe and a high crepe collar with crepe rosettes at either side finish the wrap. The bonnet is a little band set far back, trimmed with two mercury loops of crepe and a little feather back of each. This long veil

is of Henrietta cloth bordered with crepe and is not intended to cover the face. This dress will be suitable for wear after the period of crepe mourning, for the bodice, not shown in the cut, is modestly made and self-trimmed.

For the death of an adult or nearly full grown daughter or son, a mother goes into deep mourning for six months and by the end of a year her attire need show no reminder of her loss. The same rule holds, too, for a bereaved sister. Ordinarily in such cases crepe is not used as freely as when a life partner or parent has departed life, but this is a matter that is regulated solely by personal taste and there seems to be no license for it in the unwritten code that governs these points. With young children the period for wearing mourning is greatly shortened, and this is entirely permissible.

So distinctly does crepe mark its wearer that it is understood that the woman thus attired receives only her most intimate friends, and the right of total exclusion from all visits is hers. No public places of amusement should be attended while crepe is worn, and all conspicuous appearance in public, unless protected by the veil in cases of necessary going out, are to be avoided. The younger members of the family attend no dancing parties, and give no company invitations. It is no longer admissible to drape a house or even a picture in crepe, except for the most private apartment.

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New Woman.—Well, I married the only man who never told me he loved me! Old woman.—Why did you do that? New Woman.—Because I thought he ought to be converted.—Waterbury.

with crepe, and a silk parasol ornamented with heavy flouncing of knitted chignon and a bow of silk is carried. Such a gown would be just as suitable if made of crepe. Extreme modishness is, of course, to be avoided always, and yet so becoming is the dead black to the young face and figure that there is a temptation to overdo in this direction.

In the artist's fourth contribution there is seen a dress that for a daughter has all the effect of deep mourning, without a suggestion of uncomfortable weight or warmth. Made of very light weight grenadine, over silk, its collar is cut in points and extends over the shoulders, having at the edge a double band of crepe. A high crepe band encircles the throat and a belt of crepe is fastened in front with two rosettes. From it three crepe panels extend down the front of the skirt. The sleeves have puffs of the grenadine with long cuffs of crepe, and a toque of black



AN EXCELLENT MODEL FOR SUMMER.

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USEFUL WHEN THE MOURNING PERIOD IS ENDED.

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MIRROR OF MICHIGAN.

FAITHFUL RECOUNTING OF HER LATEST NEWS.

Illinois Larcenist Captured at Muskegon—To Fertilize Stille Lands—Laceyville Terrorized by Masked Burglars—Timber Destroyed by Fires

Illinois Crook Captured.

A young man who has been pestering Muskegon liveymen for two days was run to earth by the sheriff with a rig which he had had out so long that the owner had become alarmed. "He was found in the outskirts of Detroit, he collected and recently purchased a safe in which to keep his private papers. About 2:30 o'clock Friday morning Buckley and his neighbors were awakened by a fusillade of pistol shots, some in the house in which he lived. With Nicholas Kramer and Patrick McCarty he went to investigate and was confronted by six or seven masked men, all of whom had revolvers. They demanded of Buckley the combination of the safe, and after some hesitation, he told them. They then drove Buckley and his companions to an upper room, and while part of the gang was trying the combination of the safe the rest walked up and down the street firing the revolvers to keep the residents indoors. By this time everybody in the village was awake, but no one of them had the pluck to go out and make a stand against the robbers. A tremendous explosion was heard, but still no one dared to venture from the houses. A short session of quiet, and then with a paring knife the robbers left the town in the direction of Detroit. Buckley's grocery store was completely wrecked. The burglars had evidently been unable to work the combination, and had drilled the safe and blown the door off, securing \$55 in cash and valuable papers. They left their tools behind. Buckley's house shows the marks of twenty bullets.

Raided by Robbers.

Michael J. Buckley, who occupies the largest brick residence in Leesville, ten miles from Detroit, he collected and recently purchased a safe in which to keep his private papers. About 2:30 o'clock Friday morning Buckley and his neighbors were awakened by a fusillade of pistol shots, some in the house in which he lived. With Nicholas Kramer and Patrick McCarty he went to investigate and was confronted by six or seven masked men, all of whom had revolvers. They demanded of Buckley the combination of the safe, and after some hesitation, he told them. They then drove Buckley and his companions to an upper room, and while part of the gang was trying the combination of the safe the rest walked up and down the street firing the revolvers to keep the residents indoors. By this time everybody in the village was awake, but no one of them had the pluck to go out and make a stand against the robbers. A tremendous explosion was heard, but still no one dared to venture from the houses. A short session of quiet, and then with a paring knife the robbers left the town in the direction of Detroit. Buckley's grocery store was completely wrecked. The burglars had evidently been unable to work the combination, and had drilled the safe and blown the door off, securing \$55 in cash and valuable papers. They left their tools behind. Buckley's house shows the marks of twenty bullets.

Only Secured Ninety Cents.

County Treasurer John Ballantyne, of Flint, was greatly surprised about 3 o'clock the other morning when he awoke to find a masked man at the foot of his bed rifling his pockets. Mrs. Ballantyne screamed, and the burglar flew, taking with him Mr. Ballantyne's trousers, which contained a key to the county treasurer's office and 90 cents in money. The burglar gained admission through a window which he raised.

Forest Fires Doing Great Damage.

Forest fires are doing much damage already about Saginaw. Hickox & Co. have had nearly a million feet of logs burned upon skids on the Beaverfoot branch, and if the dry weather continues the fires of last season will probably be insignificant in comparison with what may be expected this year, as there is much less water in the swamps and there is ample food for the flames.

New Professor for the U. of M.

Dr. R. S. Copeland, Bay City, has received a call to the chair of ophthalmology and otology in the homeopathic department of Michigan University. The name to be filled Oct. 1 next. Dr. Copeland is reticent about saying anything in regard to the call, but admits it is true and that he will accept. The same chair in the allopathic department was filled by Dr. Fleming Carrow, of Bay City.

To Reclaim Pine Barrens.

It is proposed to reclaim the barrens of Michigan, from which the timber has been removed, by sowing two plants, spurry and the flat pea. The first makes good feed for cattle and sheep and its roots bind the earth and help to form a firm soil. It is thought that millions of acres in the Peninsular State, now utterly worthless, may thus be made to serve the uses of man.

Death of Adrian Business Man.

Charles Bowland, the well-known German business man of Adrian, was stricken with paralysis and died at an early hour Thursday morning. He served acceptably four years in the Council. Nine children and his widow survive him. He retired from active business some three years ago, selling out to his sons.

Short State Items.

Charles Norwood, a farmer living near Wayne, was thrown out of his wagon with a cultivator. His head was cut open, and he may die.

Manchester dedicated a fine new Masonic temple in the presence of 250 fratres. Visitors from all the neighboring lodges were present.

The funeral of T. L. Ward, near Forestville, was the largest ever held in that part of the State. There were 210 teams in the procession.

A Drayton Plains man, who saw the glorious Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze, wanted to know if a new barber had come to town.

Mrs. Roger Haviland, of Beebe township, Gratiot County, received a white cap letter that said she must depart from the township before the next day. She didn't wait, but left bag and baggage, that same night.

Stevens & Co. caught thirty-four sturgeon at St. Joseph, the fish averaging forty pounds each.

Joseph Daily, aged 76, a Bay City laborer, was sweeping between the rails of the street railway when an electric car struck him, crushing his left ankle and breaking his right leg. He will probably die.

William H. Lewis, a school teacher near Saginaw, severely chastised a bad boy who called him names and insulted him in other ways. The prosecuting attorney refused to entertain a complaint, but the boy's father has brought suit for damages.

V. H. Small, 21, clerk in James Tierney's loan office at Bay City, pocketed the cash in the place, about \$1,000, and prepared to skip to the West. For some reason he delayed going and was found in a house in the city, but broke away from the officers and disappeared. He was well armed.

At the annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company at Marshall, the cost of insurance was severely criticised, being much in excess of former reports. During the past six months the rate was twenty-two cents per \$100 insured. Old officers were re-elected: President, W. S. Simons, vice-president, C. G. Worthington; secretary, H. Walkinshaw.

Timothy Dewey, of Concord, celebrated his 100th birthday.

A Portland man talks of building an elegant \$10,000 block.

Bad Axe has such a surfeit of truths there that prominent citizens talk of advertising for an A. No. 1 liar.

The contract for furnishing the State with stationery has been let to Kling Bros. & Everett, of Kalamazoo.

Joseph Webber, of Marquette City, mixed kerosene and vinegar and then drank ammonia. The terrible mixture killed him.

A New York man wrote for an extended account of "Cannibalism of the U. of M.," and wanted to know if the co-eds were good to eat.

Saginaw expected to get a big box factory from Massachusetts, but the proprietors were so late at the last minute because of discriminating tastes that it failed.

It is related of a Port Huron man during the recent remarkable changes of weather that he froze his nose and got a sunstroke on the back of his head.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the State Pioneer and Historical Society was held at Lansing in the Senate chamber, ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch presiding. The reports show a total membership of 459, 22 members having died during the year.

At Benton Harbor, Charles Springsteen, steward of the Hotel Whitcomb, and ex-steward of the steamer Chicago, fell through a hatchway in the hold of the steamer Louisville and now lies in a critical condition with concussion of the brain.

The extremely hot, dry weather seriously affected the strawberry crop near Benton Harbor. Farmers that expected to get a hundred crates or more after the frost was over have been disappointed. Fully \$50,000 damages have been done to berries alone by frosts and heat.

Frank M. Annis, who has been in jail at Flint since April last, charged with having set fire to his dwelling and thereby burning up his wife, was arraigned in the Circuit Court. He refused to plead, and a plea of not guilty was then entered for him by Judge Wisner.

A bulletin of the Michigan weather service says that in the upper peninsula the frost was not so severe as in the lower; the rainfall has been plentiful and temperature firm and the sunshine beneficial. In the southern part of the State, where wheat is beginning to head out, the straw is short and the heat is small. Grapes are also short and somewhat thin. The weather has, however, been favorable to crops.

A consolidated statement showing the condition of the 107 State banks and trust companies of Michigan, at the close of business May 7, issued by the banking commissioner, shows total loans and discounts of \$37,762,817.38; stock bonds and mortgages, \$26,839,063.15; cash reserve, \$13,999,676.89. The capital stock paid in is \$12,405,112; surplus, \$2,614,662.57; undivided profits, less current expenses, interest and taxes paid, \$1,998,548.23. The total deposits of \$63,782,832.50 show an increase of \$3,226,088.38 over Dec. 19 last, the date of the last report, and the total loans and increase of \$3,765,140.72.

St. Ignace proposes to honor the last resting place of Father Marquette with a monument befitting the courage and enterprise of the explorer and missionary, who in 1670 established his first college, military station, and missionary headquarters there. Thirty years ago Father Jucker, of St. Ignace, by a study of the records of Pere Marquette's career and exact measurements, located his grave. A modest monument has since marked the spot. Arrangements are now being made for a State memorial service Aug. 6 next. Following this it is proposed to erect a monument which shall suitably commemorate the distinguished explorer.

The great commander and the great record keeper, K. O. T. M., are in receipt of letters from members of the Order of Michigan, asking if the rates of assessment have been raised. They evidently saw the published proceedings of the Supreme Tent review, which met in the city of Port Huron, May 18. For the information of all the members of the Order in the State of Michigan, it is stated that the laws passed by the Supreme Tent have no bearing whatever upon the great camp for Michigan, and hence the raising of assessment rates on new members under Supreme Tent jurisdiction does not affect the members holding certificates under the great camp. Neither does it raise the rates of assessment on members in Michigan holding certificates under the Supreme Tent. They will continue to pay the same rates as heretofore. The raise of rates applies only to members who are admitted after the first day of July, in tents under Supreme Tent jurisdiction. After that date a member in Michigan, taking out additional benefits in the Supreme Tent will have to pay the increased assessment rates.

The following bills left in the Governor's hands have been approved: General budget for the expenses of the State government, placing building and loan associations under the supervision of the Secretary of State; providing for a reorganization of the laws of Michigan; the Road bill providing for the incorporation of mutual fire insurance companies, which shall have authority to limit the liability of stockholders; establishing an additional State normal school at Mount Pleasant, and the bill removing the homeopathic college from Ann Arbor to Detroit. The Governor filed a veto message covering nineteen bills, all remaining in his hands. The most important measures killed were the Denovon interchangeable mileage bill; bill creating a State board of medical examiners; providing for a clearance sale of delinquent State tax lands; authorizing the release of State tax lands for homesteads; giving the superintendent of public lands authority to make a list of all public documents to the State Auditors; making an appropriation for an electric light system at the university. A number of bills appropriating swamp lands for the improvement of streams, etc., and providing relief for persons injured while in the employ of the State were also in the list.

Saturday morning, while washing sheep at St. Joseph, the fish averaging forty pounds each.

Joseph Daily, aged 76, a Bay City laborer, was sweeping between the rails of the street railway when an electric car struck him, crushing his left ankle and breaking his right leg. He will probably die.

William H. Lewis, a school teacher near Saginaw, severely chastised a bad boy who called him names and insulted him in other ways. The prosecuting attorney refused to entertain a complaint, but the boy's father has brought suit for damages.

V. H. Small, 21, clerk in James Tierney's loan office at Bay City, pocketed the cash in the place, about \$1,000, and prepared to skip to the West. For some reason he delayed going and was found in a house in the city, but broke away from the officers and disappeared. He was well armed.

At the annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company at Marshall, the cost of insurance was severely criticised, being much in excess of former reports. During the past six months the rate was twenty-two cents per \$100 insured. Old officers were re-elected: President, W. S. Simons, vice-president, C. G. Worthington; secretary, H. Walkinshaw.

TOMB OF LIVINGSTONE'S HEART

Buried Beneath a Tree in Africa—His Body Rests in Westminster Abbey.

The accompanying cut represents the 666 landmark in "Darkest Africa" that has an interest for the entire civilized world. That landmark is the tree which enshrines the heart of Dr. Livingstone, and which is the complement, in the wilderness of his labors, to his home sepulchre in Westminster abbey.

This discovery is of special value, since an effort to place a tablet on the tree ended in failure to locate it; and the discovery was made by E. J. Glave. Mr. Glave entered upon his work early in the summer of 1893. From Zanzibar he made his way to Fort Johnson, near the southern end of Lake Nyassa. In the spring of 1894 he was at Karonga,



A UNIQUE BURIAL PLACE.

near the northern extremity of that lake, on the west shore. Thence, with no companion except a small party of natives, he penetrated to the little-known regions far to the southwest about Lake Bangweulu, which were the scene of Dr. Livingstone's last journey. Near the site of the deserted village of Chitambaro, on the south shore of that lake, Mr. Glave found the tree at the base of which the heart of the great missionary was buried by his devoted followers, and on which Jacob Wainwright, the Naassick boy, who read the burial service—chanted the words: "Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. Yaxusa, Mlansere, Vchopere." The body, after such embalming as the natives could give it, was enclosed in canvas, lashed to a pole, and thus carried to Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite Zanzibar. It was buried in the center of the nave of Westminster abbey, on April 18, 1874.

SCIENCE AND A LOST DOG.

Identification of the Spaniel Gyp by Means of the Telephone.

Mr. Wieck, of 420 Cleveland avenue, has a water spaniel, Gyp, by name, which he prizes. The other day Gyp strayed away from home. He wandered far down on the South Side, where he was seen by F. M. Miller, residing near 60th and State streets. Mr. Miller, knowing a good dog, took Gyp home in his buggy.

Mr. Wieck advertised the loss of his



THE IDENTIFICATION BY TELEPHONE.

dog and Mr. Miller answered. As lost dogs are numerous, Mr. Wieck did not feel sure that the one about which he received a letter was his, and to save a possible fruitless journey to the South Side he conceived a plan to identify his spaniel without going to him. He went to a telephone station at the corner of Lincoln and Garfield avenues, and Mr. Miller went with the dog to the Englewood telephone exchange. The dog was placed upon a table, and when the two men got the line the receiver was placed to Gyp's ear and Mr. Wieck called the spaniel's name. The dog immediately made demonstrations showing that he

The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

When John Sherman speaks on any financial topic, he leaves no room for doubt as to where the Republican party stands.

Uncle Sam's gold fund is within about \$800,000 of the \$100,000,000 line now, and the gold importing season is near at hand, too.—*Globe Dem.*

The Boston Herald cheerily remarks that "it sounds sort of natural to hear the political pot sizzling in Ohio." It will begin to boil pretty soon, and the Democratic gooses will be cooked to rags, as usual.

General Bushnell has been interviewed, and says he is for McKinley for President. Of course he is; so is every other good Ohio Republican.—*Toledo Blade.*

Ex-Senator Edmunds calls attention to the fact that silver really demonetized itself. When the act of 1873 was passed, there were no silver dollars in circulation, and in a practical sense they did not exist.—*Globe Dem.*

The managers of the democratic Silver Convention in Illinois took a gang of pick-pockets and other thieves from Chicago to Springfield to steal money to pay the expenses of their convention.

The chairman of the national Populist committee is mad because the Illinois free silver Democrats stole his thunder. He ought to be thankful that he got off so easily. Others lost their watches and wallets at that convention.—*Detroit Journal.*

The entrance to the harbor at Cheboygan is to be widened to 330 feet by moving the south pier 100 ft further south and dredging out the new space between piers. The work is to be commenced at once.

Now to the court of last resort with Judge Long's pension case. If a pension commissioner has as much power as the court of appeals says he has it is time that the pension laws were so amended as to protect the honest pensioner from the assaults of a one-man power.—*Detroit Journal.*

Wheat was worth 81 cents a bushel on the Chicago market yesterday with plenty of buyers, but bar silver sold on a dull market at 66 3/4 cents in New York. How about silver and wheat being "interdependent" and all that sort of thing?—*Detroit Journal.*

The Decoration day speeches this year are above the average of such efforts in point of eloquence, and most of them are notable for the spirit of kindness in which they speak of those who fought on the wrong side—for there was a wrong side, it will not do to forget.—*Globe Dem.*

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Most Perfect Made.

In order to hold the present fiscal year's deficit down to about \$45,000,000 the administration will put this month's expenditures into next year's account, otherwise it is said that the actual deficit for this year would be between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000. "There are tricks in all trades," etc., but the meanest trick of all was in the trade of 1892.—*Detroit Journal.*

When a proper tariff shall be restored, as it will be under the next Republican Administration, so that an adequate revenue shall be obtained and proper protection to domestic industry shall again be assured, confidence will be restored, business will revive and the nightmare produced by "the change" of 1892 will pass away.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Miss Julia Magruder, whose story of "The Princess Sonia," in the Century, is attracting such favorable comment, has given her new novel to The Ladies Home Journal. It is called "The Violet" and deals with the question of second marriage. Mr. C. D. Gibson the illustrator, is making a series of pictures for the novel.

A sack containing the remains of something, was found floating in the lake, near East Tawas, which were covered with quick lime. Dr. Howell, of that city pronounced the remains to be that of a well developed infant, but could not determine the sex. A jury was impaneled and the find declared to be the remains of a d. g. Bright doctor.

Additional Locals.

Manuelona has had another big fire destroying \$12,000 worth of staves. No insurance.

Julius Kramer has moved his tailoring establishment into the rooms formerly occupied by Davis' Pharmacy.

Reports from West Michigan fruit growers are more favorable and the prospects are that there will be a fair crop after all.

The Ladies of Alpena, to the number of 170, by uniting in their appeal to the authorities have succeeded in closing up Cigar and Candy stores on Sunday.

Duane Willett, of Vassar, ex-Superintendent of Frederic, was shaking hands with old friends here last week. He is employed by D. Ward in looking after his timber land.

The Grayling Cornet Band is in the throes of dissolution. There was not cohesion enough to enable it to hold a business meeting last Monday evening, and divide up its funds.

The city marshal of Roscommon has been instructed to arrest all children under the age of sixteen, found on the street after 8:30 o'clock, unless accompanied by their parents.

Mrs. D. M. Kneeland, of Lewiston, passed through Grayling, Monday, on her way to Milwaukee, for a visit with her parents, in that city. Many of her friends went to the train to greet her.

A red squirrel climbed to the top of an 80-foot liberty pole at Lewiston and lovingly pressed the American flag to his bosom, yet the citizens were unapologetic enough to fill the poor animal full of buckshot.—*Ex.*

Perry Phelps and wife of Grayling spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends in town. Mr. Phelps still carries crutches as a result of a broken limb but he will soon discard them.—*W. B. Herald Times.*

The Otsego Co. Herald says: "That a Mrs. Cole, from Grayling, a widow lady with two young daughters, has rented the vacant Demorest building on the corner of Main and E streets and opened up a parlor restaurant and ice cream room.

John L. Kittle, of Mio, died Tuesday night, of last week, from an overdose of whiskey and morphine. His voice will no more be heard in Grayling as of yore, advising the democracy to charge upon the republican ranks and achieve an everlasting and overwhelming—defeat.

We clip the following paragraph from a paper published in a neighboring town, and it is a conundrum to us:—"Mr. Frost was a former residence of this place and ranked among the most estimably young men. Hoping that the charges will not be so severe as are preferred against him."

VALE!!

Our more or less esteemed contemporary, the Northern Democrat, is no more, having breathed its last on Monday, when the property was turned over by sale to Jay Allen, Esq., late of West Branch. Mr. Allen has had experience in the newspaper field, and in a mechanical sense, any change will be for the better, but our democratic friends will be left without an organ in this county, though their fostering care had given the Democrat what success it had attained. Mr. Patterson will devote himself to the duties of the land office and his law practice, remaining a citizen of our village and a leader of his party. The AVANCE wishes for both all the success they merit.

The reports of the trade reviews for last week are more encouraging than any they have given out since the great depression fell upon the country. There was shown a marked improvement both in commercial and industrial lines. As a rule prices were better and there was a more active movement in commodities of nearly all kinds, which of course means a more active circulation of money, so much of which has long been idle. While wages have not yet been restored to the old scale there have been advances in quite a number of mills and factories and the demand for labor is gradually increasing.

All these are hopeful signs following the promise made by the people themselves last fall when they went to the polls and called a halt on further legislation inimical to the interests of home enterprise and home labor; when they went to the polls and ordered not only this halt, but the election of a popular house of representatives so overwhelming Republican that the assurance was at once given that the order would be enforced. Figure it as we will, the popular elections held since the present administration came into power, have, in their results, done more to restore public confidence in the future, unlock hoarded capital and turn the tide in the direction of better times, than any other one cause or than all other causes combined.—*Detroit Journal.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, June 7, 1895.

EDITOR AVANCE:—

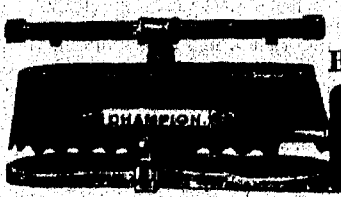
Had Mr. Cleveland tried he could hardly have selected a Secretary of State who would have been more displeasing to the democratic leaders in Congress than Attorney General Olney. Mr. Olney does not lack ability, but the ability he has is not the kind which makes a successful Secretary of State. He is utterly devoid of that spirit of assiduity in dealing with men which has always been considered a prime necessity in the make-up of a diplomat. He has so conducted the business of the Department of Justice that the average Congressman prefers when he has business with that department to transact it in writing rather than to take the chance of being personally snubbed by Mr. Olney, as his present colleague, Postmaster General Wilson, was, when he was chairman of the House Ways and Means committee and the recognized leader of the democrats in that body. By the way, speaking of Wilson, if he had not been Postmaster General he might have been Secretary of State, but since he joined the cabinet he has shown himself to be too much of a narrow gauge man even for Mr. Cleveland, who is certainly far from being broad-minded himself.

There is more or less dissatisfaction among democrats over Mr. Cleveland's method of selecting Attorney General Olney for Secretary of State. Although there are a score of men prominent in democratic councils near enough to Washington to have been called into consultation without delaying the filling of the vacancy or inconveniencing them, no advice was asked of any of them, and about the only democrat outside of the cabinet who has seen Mr. Cleveland was Senator Gray, of Delaware, who is known as a cuckoo, but not as a leader.

The convention of the Republican National League, which will assemble at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 18th inst., is regarded by most republicans as the virtual opening of the Presidential campaign. All reports brought to Washington indicate that the attendance will be large and enthusiastic, including nearly every man who is recognized as one of the national leaders of the party. Ex-President Harrison, Gov. Morton and Chauncey M. Depew have not yet accepted the invitations extended to them, but it is probable that they will. Among those who have accepted invitations and who will attend the convention, barring sickness or accidents, are Ex-Speaker Reed, Gov. McKinley, ex-Gov. Foraker, Gen. Russell A. Alger, Senators Allison, Dubois, Thurston, Carter, Lodge, Nelson, Burrows and Patton. One of the features of the convention will be the mammoth harmony dinner to be given in the evening of the second day. The dinner will be served on the ground floor of the Arcade building, and the tables will be set for 2,000 guests and provided with the best eatables to be obtained. The galleries above the ground floor are half a mile in length and will accommodate more than 5,000 republican men and women who will naturally want to see the greatest harmony dinner ever proposed eaten by the delegates to the convention and their guests. Republicans are not alarmed at democratic predictions of trouble in the convention, because they know that the basis of the predicted trouble—the silver question and the booming of some particular candidate for the Presidential nomination—is composed of matters over which the convention has no legitimate jurisdiction and with which it will not attempt to deal.

Retribution is sometimes mighty slow, but it nearly always gets there just the same. Charles B. Morton, a Maine democrat who was made commissioner of navigation by Mr. Cleveland in his first administration and Auditor of the Treasury for the navy Department early in the present administration as a reward for the scavenger work he performed in the campaign of dirty personal abuse that was waged against the late James G. Blaine in 1884, was this week summarily dismissed from the latter office by Mr. Cleveland, and to make the delayed retribution all the more satisfactory to decent people, Morton was dismissed for exactly the same reason he was given office—for exercising his scavenger proclivities. But he made the mistake of abusing the man who gave him office; this time, and was consequently kicked out of office, greatly to the satisfaction of officers of the Navy, whose accounts it was his duty to pass upon and with whom he has been in a constant wrangle ever since he held the office. May his unlamented fate be a warning to those who try to travel into office over the sewer route.

Secretary Carlisle is going to Kentucky to make a last attempt to stem the tide of free silver which is apparently sweeping over the democratic party of that state.



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THE WAR IN CHITRAL.

STRANGE COUNTRY INVADIED BY THE BRITISH.

The Native Claim to Be Descendants of Soldiers of Alexander the Great—Cause of Hostilities—Slaughter of Capt. Ross' Troop.

England's Late Trouble.

The military expedition sent to avenge the slaughter of Captain C. R. Ross, of the British army, and forty-six Indian soldiers under his command, by the natives of the Chitral country, and to relieve the fourteen surviving soldiers under Lieutenant Jones, who were taken prisoners, calls attention to a region very little known and which is one of the most inhospitable on the face of the earth. The town of Chitral, from which the district gets its name, is situated on the Kaskhar, or Chitral, River, which runs along the southern base of the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains, and is only a short distance southwest

of the Pamirs. It is thus, so to speak, under the eaves of the famous "Roof of the World." The Chitral country extends from the town away to the north-east, and leads to the Baroghil Pass—12,000 feet above the sea—on the other side of which are the sources of the Oxus, and the Pamirs. This pass is over the eastern end of the Hindoo-Koosh, and may be said to be the point where the Himalayan range bends and runs westward through Afghanistan to the Heri Rud, on the frontier of Persia. The Hindoo-Koosh forms the northern

cliffs above their path. They fought during two days, endeavoring on the second day to get back to Boni, constantly assailed with rifles and musketry and with stones hurled down from the heights. Captain Ross was struck by a large stone, and he was also shot, and only fifteen of the fighting men succeeded in getting out of the defile. The news of the battle being transmitted to the authorities in India, General Sir Robert Low was ordered to proceed at once from Peshawar with 14,000 men.

As is usual in similar British expeditions the guide-corps preceded the main body of troops on the march to Chitral, and before the advance had been pushed very far the gallant little corps, under command of Colonel Little, was completely annihilated by the natives.

The method adopted in this annihilation was peculiar to the territory and the hostile forces which compressed it. The cutting region through which the relief party had to pass is of the most broken description and is bounded in narrow, dark defiles between precipitous heights. While Colonel Battye and his men were marching through one of these straitened passages a body of natives massed at the top of the cliffs and rolled down a perfect torrent of bowlders upon the devoted heads of the British, not one of whom was left alive. However, in spite of this and other setbacks, the British have succeeded in relieving Mr. Robertson and the little garrison at Chitral. Sher Afzul has been captured and an alliance has been made with the Khan of Dir. The trouble may therefore now be considered at an end, for the present at least, and the British will no doubt proceed to thoroughly subjugate the Swats and

other tribes which assisted Sher Afzul and Umra Khan. This will not be an easy task, however, since the natives are of the most war-like temperament, of splendid physical constitution and not at all inclined to be ruled by anybody.

The English do not overestimate the value of Chitral to them. The Hindoo-Koosh mountains are the great barrier between John Bull and the Russian bear in Asia, and it is through the Dora pass that the Russians will pour if they ever succeed in swooping down on the British in India, unless the advance is made through Afghanistan. Time was when the Russians certainly would have adopted the latter route, but that is long passed. The Ameer of Afghanistan, though he and his people are nominally independent of either of the great powers, is now and for some years has been friendly to the English.

Laziness is next door to wisdom.

MODEL \$3,000 HOUSE.

Complete Plans and Specifications Should Be Had for Every Building.

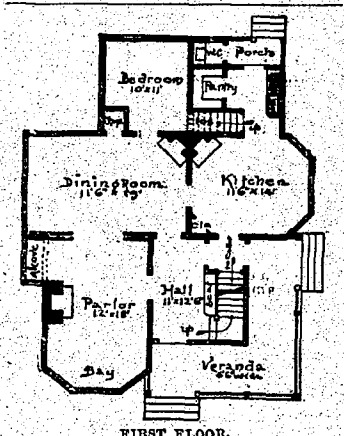
A contract for an important building is never made without working plans and detail sheets showing what the form and details of the proposed buildings shall be, and without specifications describing how the work shall be done and the quality of the materials



FRONT ELEVATION.

to be used. For a house of low or moderate cost, however, which should have equally careful attention, the owner is too often content with imperfect drawings and specifications. Sometimes he simply contracts for a duplicate of some other house, not knowing that the contractor can duplicate the appearance without duplicating the value. For every dollar he saves by reason of incomplete drawings and defective specifications, the owner may be deprived of \$10 of value.

Example: If the specifications do not require the sheathing of the structure, why should the contractor spend \$40 for sheathing boards and labor? even admitting that the increased strength and warmth of the building may be worth \$400 to the owner? The sheathing is all covered up anyway. Or, if the specifications do not call for the sheathing boards to be laid close together, why should not the contractor save \$5 worth of boards by following the custom of leaving wide cracks? Or if the quality of the sheathing paper is not stated, why should he not put on the cheapest, saying \$5, perhaps, though dampness will soon make it

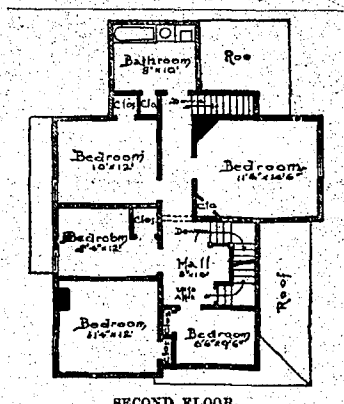


FIRST FLOOR.

worthless for the purpose intended? If the specifications do not call for a double first floor, which is essential to health and comfort, why should the contractor supply it? In a hundred other things the contractor may save a little by reason of imperfect drawings and specifications at the expense of a great deal to the owner.

Here is given a brief description of the design illustrated in this article: Size of structure: width (front) over all, 34 feet 6 inches; depth over all, 42 feet 10 inches. Materials for exterior walls: Foundations, stone and brick; first story, clapboards; second story, gables and roof, shingles. Heights of stories: Cellar, 6 feet 9 inches; first story, 9 feet 4 inches; second story, 9 feet. Interior finish: Plaster walls and soft wood finish throughout. Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, pantries, bath, fireplaces, sliding doors, etc., are shown by the plans given herewith. There is a cellar under the hall and parlor; the attic is floored and there is space for three good rooms, but the cost of finishing them is not included in the estimate.

Special features: A striking and an attractive exterior, without display or pretense; ample and somewhat elegant interior, accommodating a large family. The cost: A fair but low contract price, built as shown by the plans, including full plumbing for hot and cold water, \$3,500. To contract at \$3,000 it is necessary to make the following changes: Omit the second story of the rear extension; with the bath-room plumbing and back stairs, which saves \$300; omit the side veranda, which saves \$80; use ordinary hinged doors



SECOND FLOOR.

In place of sliding doors, which saves \$15; omit mantel fireplace and hearth tiles in the dining-room, which saves \$100. These changes will not detract from the exterior appearance. Finishing three rooms in the attic will add \$120 to the cost. A hardwood staircase, handsomely finished, would add \$100 to the cost.

Copyright.

Twain's Dilemma.

Mark Twain once expressed a desire to attend the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club of correspondents in Washington; but when an invitation was sent him, his regrets were received by return mail. Meeting a member of the club later, he complained that he had been neglected. When informed that an invitation had been sent him and his regrets received, Mr. Clemens

scratched his head, as though in perplexity for a moment, and then said: "Those were Isaac's regrets." "Who is Isaac?" "He's my keeper. He's the man my wife hired to prevent me having any more fun." Mark then explained that Isaac opened all his letters and invitations, wrote answers, which in the case of invitations always consisted of regrets, and then burned them. When asked what Isaac's other name, the humorist replied, sadly: "I don't know. My wife hired him, and she told me what his name is, but I have forgotten. I call him Isaac, as he is doomed to the fate that nearly befell the favorite son of Abraham. When I get well I intend to cut him up in chunks and burn him on the altar, and I don't care if the angels holler till they get diphtheria." "Doesn't he ever consult you about the answers to your invitations?" "Never. He always sends my regrets and says 'I'm sick, and that's going to get me into trouble. I told him so the other day. Said I: 'Isaac, when I die and go to heaven, St. Peter is likely to take up some morning and remind me about those polite falsehoods you're telling in my name, and then I'll have to look all over Tophet for you to prove an alibi.'"

SHE WAS TOO NEAT.

And Her Husband Did Not Appreciate It Under Certain Conditions.

The man on the front doorstep had about him such an air of utter woe and desolation that the passing policeman felt it to be his duty to make an inquiry. So, at the risk of bad form, he spoke to him without an introduction. "What's the matter?" in sympathetic tones. The man looked up at him disconsolately, and nodded backward. "Domestic infidelity?" inquired the policeman, who had had experience of this kind before. "Yes," said the man sorrowfully. "What's the nature of it?" "Same old thing." "What's that?" "High-tempered wife."

"Is that all?" inquired the officer, showing that he felt himself imposed upon. "Ain't that enough?" inquired the husband, ruefully. "Why, that's nothing," said the officer. "High-tempered wives are thick in this neighborhood, and they are really the best kind."

"How?" asked the man with a startled gulp. "They are good workers, and always industrious and thrifty."

"Is that so?" inquired the man in doubting Thomas tones. "Of course," continued the officer, "and then they are the neatest women in the world. They won't have it any other way for a minute."

The man sat rubbing his head for some time. "I wonder," he said at last, in the most plaintively inquiring way, "if that is the reason why she always cleans me out every time I try to make her realize that I am the head of the family?"—Detroit Free Press.

An Early War Correspondent.

In 1856 Dr. W. H. Russell was a barrister, engaged on the staff of the London Times, as a leader writer, a convenient connection with journalism much less common in this country than in England, where most of such work is done out of the office and makes a convenient second starting for young professional men who have not yet become established in the more profitable practice of the law. One evening, in February he was called to the office of the editor, Mr. Delane, and told that a very agreeable excursion had been arranged, "to go to Malta with the guards." At this time there was no serious thought of war, and Mr. Russell had not the faintest notion that he should ever be a war correspondent. Then came the expedition to Turkey, which even then no one thought would result in serious war. His troubles began here, the general in charge of the expedition not being able to see why a newspaper man should be on board. And after he had landed and pitched his tent in a quiet place it was summarily pulled down. The idea of giving a correspondent official recognition was regarded as absurd, and in spite of orders from the Government at home Dr. Russell had great difficulty in gaining a grudging allowance of transportation and rations, without which he could not have remained in the field. Yet in spite of those trials he thinks the correspondents were freer in those days than now, when they are under military censorship, with tickets and badges. Later in the campaign some friends at home sent him a handsome portable cottage—which served, however, to rouse the ire of the officers in charge, who did not relish having a journalist so housed.

Hunt Old Bismarck.

Baron Prokesch, the Austrian plenipotentiary and president of the Diet, in the early days at Frankfurt, was much in the habit of bullying. One evening, when at a large social gathering, Bismarck and Prokesch, surrounded by a brilliant group of diplomats, were discussing a protocol based on certain equivocations, Prokesch said, looking straight at Bismarck: "If that were not true, then I, in the name of my imperial master, should have been guilty of lying!" Returning his gaze without a symptom of faltering, "Precisely so, your excellency," slowly said Bismarck. The group, thunderstruck and embarrassed, scarcely knew which way to turn. Prokesch moved away; but later at the supper-table, he came over to Bismarck with a glass of champagne and "Well, let us make peace." "Assuredly," said Bismarck, "but the protocol must be altered." And it was.

The New Shoes.

Cinderella, Goody Two Shoes and the Sumner Girl like will be interested in learning that the latest thing in footwear is a brown glass kid with patent brogued fronts which display the foot to particularly good advantage. The shoe is, of course, most suitable for walking. A smarter sort of shoe is of black glass kid with three straps across the instep and patent fronts, the straps beaded and the heels of the Louis XIV. order. There are revivals in shoes as in everything else just now. A bridal shoe has a high tab going up the foot and a large patent buckle, the form copied from an old Empire shoe, and the buckle placed higher than usual on the instep. The characteristics of the shoes of Edward III. is also apparent upon many of the modern boots.—New York Evening Sun.

SATAN WILLING TO PLEASE.

Extends All the Courtesies to a French Arrival from Chicago.

His satanic majesty sat upon his brimstone throne fanning the muggy air with his flamboyant tail. Presently a new arrival in these parts was announced, and he was forthwith ushered into the devilish domains, says the New York Sun.

He sniffed the heavy air as if it were a familiar dose to him, and, bowing to his majesty, he observed the peculiar motions of his tail.

"Three strikes and out," he said after contemplating them for about a minute.

"What's that?" inquired Satan, resting his caudal appendage across his legs.

"Ah, there. Rate, old boy," greeted the visitor. "I was so attracted by the way you handled yourself over the home plate that I didn't see you. How do you do?"

"Who are you?" thundered his majesty.

"Me?" asked the visitor with gulletless grace.

"Yes, slave."

"Come off. I'm no slave. I'm an American citizen."

"In these domains, sirrah, you are my slave."

"Yes, I am, I don't think," and the visitor stuck his thumb in his vest armholes and strutted up and down before the throne.

"We shall see," said his majesty, with an ominous shake of his locks, and beckoned to a host of imps.

The next minute the American citizen was wondering what had become of the Monroe doctrine, and he threw up his hands.

"Give a man a chance, won't you?" he said hotly.

"Answer me," thundered his majesty. "Where are you from?"

"Chicago, of course," responded the visitor.

His majesty rose to his cloven feet and bowed.

"Beg your pardon," he said hastily. "Come and take a seat by me. I'm afraid you will find it tame here after what you've been used to, my dear fellow, but don't be too hard on us and we'll try to make you feel as much at home as our facilities will permit."

Seating himself beside his majesty, the guest from Chicago kindled a cigarette and waved his hand for the performance to begin.

HANCOCK IN BRONZE.

Model of an Equestrian Statue for the National Capital.

A statue of General Hancock is to be erected in the autumn in Washington, and the model now stands in the studio of the sculptor, Mr. Eliot. Mr. Eliot submitted, over a year ago, his model, in the sketch, to a committee, who at once accepted the work. The contract with the government was for the payment of \$49,000, the sculptor to make the statue and pedestal and to pay the expense of casting in bronze. The pedestal will be of granite and stand about nineteen feet high. The height from the ground to the top of the rider's head is to be twenty-six feet and ten inches.

The model, as it now stands, is about life-size and rests on a circular platform which revolves on wheels, so that it can be easily moved. The clay is a grayish hue, something like light metal itself, and to glance at it hastily one might imagine that the casting had already been done. The surface is



MODEL FOR THE HANCOCK STATUE.

slightly roughened, but were it polished it would gleam like metal.

Just as the model now stands, the finished statue will look when completed. Plaster will be put over the figure as it now is, and when hardened will be removed in sections and thus a mold of the whole will be had. This mold will be taken to the Gorham Manufacturing Company, at Providence, R. I., where the castings will be made.

Only Way to Escape Microbes.

Parent—Why do you advise against my boy Willie using a slate and pencil in school?

Dabster in Science—Because they are covered with deadly microbes, that would undoubtedly kill your boy if he lived long enough.

Parent (much impressed)—Then I suppose I had better get him a paper pad to do his sums on?

Dabster in Science—My dear sir, do you want to commit deliberate murder? There are millions of bacilli in every page of paper made.

Parent (anxiously)—Well, how will he do his sums then? In his mind?

Dabster in Science—Worse yet. It has been found that abstract introspective thought over imaginary problems stimulates the growth of lethal bacteria in the brain cells. If you want your Willie to live, you had better keep him in a room sprayed with antiseptic vapor.—New York Tribune.

Matting.

Pneumatic matting, for use under stair carpets, is a recent invention. It saves the carpet, and reduces the noise made in ascending or descending the stairs.

Ivory.

As the supply of ivory is becoming short, billiard balls of cast steel are being used in Sweden. By making them hollow the weight is made to correspond with that of ivory balls.

Ratel.

In 1544 the cold was so severe in Holland that wine was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

A woman can always trump up a good excuse for going down town.

A FLAG IN THE CLOUDS.

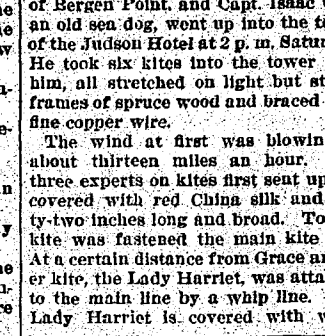
Spectacle to Which New-Yorkers Were Treated.

The man who hung the stars and stripes to the winds of heaven at an altitude of 2,500 feet at the dedication of the Washington arch was Gilbert F. Woglom, a jeweler. He is, he says, a student of aerodynamics. He is a scientific kite-flyer.

The line that held the flag was suspended from six kites. The people who cheered and got themselves into a true fourth of July spirit saw only four kites. That was because one of the kites was blue, and was literally out of sight in the sky. A second kite struck a stratum of wind that carried it away from the others so that it did not attract attention.

Mr. Woglom, Prof. William E. Eddy, of Bergen Point, and Capt. Isaac Cole, an old sea dog, went up into the tower of the Judson Hotel at 2 p. m. Saturday. He took six kites into the tower with him, all stretched on light but strong frames of spruce wood and braced with fine copper wire.

The wind at first was blowing at about thirteen miles an hour. The three experts on kites first sent up one covered with red China silk and forty-two inches long and broad. To this kite was fastened the main kite line. At a certain distance from Grace another kite, the Lady Harriet, was attached to the main line by a whip line. The Lady Harriet is covered with white



HOW THE FLAG WAS RAISED.

China silk and is forty-six inches long. Then the kite Dainty, the sky-blue one, which is fifty inches long, was sent up in exactly the same manner; then the Bullet, fifty inches long and covered with buff-colored rope manilla paper; then the Rockwell, fifty-six inches long, and then the kite Dick, fifty-two inches long. When the six were straining at the main line, Mr. Woglom tested their pull with scales such as ice-men use, and found they had a pull of sixteen pounds.

The flag was of bunting, eight feet long, and with its staff weighed one and five-eighths pounds. The top of the staff was securely fastened directly to the main kite line; the bottom of the staff swung loose, save that a piece of stout twine looped enough to keep the staff at a constant perpendicular was extended between it and the main line. Up went the flag, unfurled itself, and stood out stiff as a board—radiant and beautiful, 2,500 feet above Washington square.—New York World.

"Tools."

"I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid," writes Oliver Wendell Holmes; "there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in—never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us—the glorious sun, the imperial moon—are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man; but we do not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it. I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all on myself before I get a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home; and I would give more for a teacupful of real heart-love than for whole ship-loads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

The Difference.

A young man who considers himself a man of resources was once in the act of pressing a young lady to his manly bosom, says the Chicago Post, when the young lady's sister entered the room. Of course he desisted at once, but he was not embarrassed. The young lady's sister said, "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when he felt that he ought to say something, and say it right away. "Don't go," he said, "we've just been measuring to see which is the taller." She paused in the doorway and looked at them both intently. "You're both about the same height," she said, quietly, "but sister is much the redder." Then she went out.

Astonishing Presumption.

"Prince John" Van Buren was once before a jury as opponent to Daniel Lord Junior—as his name was invariably spoken and written. In the course of his address, Mr. Lord told the jury that "only a miracle or divine interposition could prevent on the facts a verdict for my client." "Divine interposition! forsooth," ironically exclaimed Mr. Van Buren in reply; "does the gentleman use the Junior after his name boastfully as being closely related to the Senior Lord of the universe?"

Rebuilding of Jerusalem.

Jews form a very considerable part of the small population of Jerusalem, but they are not of the most valuable class of Jews. The city contains only 28,000 inhabitants. The building of the city, what there is of it, has been done by the French and Germans.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who joys not when the peanuts shed Their husks, and quaffs beneath the shade

The ruby-tinted lemonade?—Washington Star.

"Ally and May have taboored ham-mocks." "Why?" "One was the cause of their first falling out."—Harlem Life.

Wiggles—I have just one clear here. You haven't any objections, have you? Waggles—Not if I smoke it.—Somerville Journal.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—Hillegende Blaetter.

Johnny—Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve. Mamma—And what comes after twelve, Johnny? Johnny—Recess.—Harper's Round Table.

He—I'd just as lief be hung for a sheep as a lamb. She—Well, you'll be hung for neither; you'll be hung for a calf or nothing.—Yonkers Statesman.

Jimmy—Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a bicycle. Mickey—Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tires.—Indianapolis Journal.

Attorney—You say, when you asked him for the money, he used blasphemous language? Riley—I did not, sor. I said he swore at me like a trooper.—Harper's Bazar.

Simpson—How do you know that your rival and her father will fall out and fight? Jimpson (gleefully)—They've both joined the same church choir.—Tahmany Times.

Jones—I hear that you have a good organ at your lodgings. Do you know how many stops it has? She—Only about three a day, and those are not long ones.—Boston Globe.

Mr. Busy Body—If you hang those turkeys by the feet you will keep them longer. Mr. Butcher Business—That ain't what I'm trying to do. I want to sell 'em.—Harlem Life.

Mr. Droppin—Is Mr. Baite in to-day? Mr. Baite's Partner—No, sir; he's down at the Rangleys. Mr. Droppin—Ah! Catching fish? Mr. B's P.—No, sir; fishing.—Boston Courier.

Guest—I would like a nice round steak, rare done, and some fresh fried potatoes. Walter (in stentorian voice)—Carnage in the skillet! Fried Pingrees on the side!—Chicago Tribune.

So devotedly does the Hubble love his native city that when he calls to the telephone girl, "Give me Boston," he invariably adds involuntarily, "or give me death."—Boston Transcript.

She—The man I marry must be a little lower than the angels. He (suddenly flopping)—Here I am on my knees a little lower than one of them. He got her.—New York Weekly.

"I will work night and day to make you happy," he said. "No," she answered thoughtfully, "don't do that. Just work during the day and stay at home at night."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Poorman—This money question seems to be getting very bitter. How do you feel about it, dear? Mr. Poorman—Bad enough. Really, I'm all broke up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There doesn't seem to be anything selfish about that man Pingree," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "In that potato-patch scheme of his he has let everybody in on the ground floor."—Chicago Tribune.

Hoax—What I object to in your boarding house is the lack of tone. Joax—Huh! I guess you haven't heard the girl in the next room singing, "When Summer Comes Again."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Malaprop—Who are the two young ladies playing that duet on the piano? Herr Strawitzki—One is the daughter of the hostess. Mrs. Malaprop—And, pray, who is her accomplice?—Eulenspiegel.

"Georgy, dear," said the loving mother, "I'm very proud nothing has been brought up against you this term of school." "Georgy—So'm I! Wish't nuthin'd been brought down again me!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cobbs—That was a pretty sentiment young Masher got off the other night when bidding Miss Plumpy good night. Dobbs—So! What was it? Cobbs—He said he wished she was locked up in his arms and the key lost.—Truth.

Mrs. Hammond—Mrs. Hasteroff has bragged again to-day about keeping her boarders so long. Mrs. Foraweeek—She doesn't keep them long. She keeps them so thin they look longer than they actually are.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Salesman (holding up a vellum-bound brochure)—The price of the book is \$10. Mrs. Nurich—Nonsense! You can't impose upon me in that way. Why, a minute ago you offered me a book of twice the size for \$1.50.—Chicago Record.

Mr. Billus—Maris, how does it happen that Fanny isn't going to church with you this morning? Mrs. Billus—You know as well as I do, John, that when Bessie and Kate and I go to church somebody has to stay at home. There isn't room for four pairs of gloves in our pew.—Chicago Tribune.

At the table—"Do you know, Am-arillys," asked the Cheerful Idiot, "why the letter S is like the present of a cigar to a colored gentleman?" The waiter girl gave it up. "I will tell you Angelina," continued the Cheerful Idiot. "It is because it makes the smoke smoke."—Indianapolis Journal.

New Candle.

A new candle has been brought out which extinguishes itself in an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin, which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour.

No man's religion ever appears a success to those to whom he owes money.

BLOSSOM TIME.

On the sweet world of the blossoms,
When the blithe winds to and fro
Took the softy tinted cradles
Where the fruited orchards grow.
All the breezes waiting perfume
O'er wide fields of drifting snow.

Snow of summer and of flowers,
Not the flakes of feathery chill
Once that filled the sleeping hollows,
Rounded out each watching hill;
Snow of summer and of flowers,
Acres of it, where you will.

Hidden deep among the petals,
Even from eyes that love her best,
Many a patient little mother
Broods beneath her beating breast
Wings and wings that wait their rupture
When they flutter from the nest.

Oh! the white world of the blossoms,
Where the sweet winds to and fro
Softly, softly, rock the cradles
Swinging high, and swinging low,
Cradles of the fruited orchards
In the blossoms' tinted snow.

—Harper's Bazar.

The Governor's Pardon.

BY E. M. GILMER.

It was at the Southern Club, and it was growing late. The crowd of habitués had long since scattered to their evening's diversion. Only in the smoking room a little group had gathered, closer and closer about the open fire, in a comradeship that seemed to shut out the rest of the world.

There was Major Overington, with his long legs stretched out on the hearth, and young Carrington and one or two others, while over against the corner of the mantel sat the colonel, with his lean old head thrown back against the tall, carved back of his chair. The room was blue and fragrant with tobacco smoke, and it was that wretched hour when conventionalities are a thing forgotten and men speak from their souls with an abandon they vaguely wonder at the next morning; but notwithstanding all this it had been a rather silent group about the club room fire, and after a bit someone said something about going home.

"Oh, don't," said young Carrington, flippantly, taking his eyes off the colonel's face, where they had rested for the last few minutes. "Oh, don't! It's never late till morning, and then it's early. Besides, the colonel has something to tell us."

The colonel stirred a little in his chair as if he roused himself, and then he turned to Major Overington. "Major," he said, "I've been home—down South."

"I went back to the little town near which I was raised, and I walked about feeling every change in it. They'd got a fine new government building for a postoffice and I went and stood on the steps, trying to locate old landmarks, but it was all cruelly new—people and places. By and by an old colored man, one of the polite, old fashioned body servants—you know, major—came up with his hat in his hand and said, 'Mars Dick! I said, 'Howdy, uncle, I said, and he asked, 'Mars Dick, kin you tell me whar 'bout I kin find de old gin'ral?'"

"General who?" I inquired. "Ole Gin'ral Deliv'ry," he answered. "My son sent me word he writ a letter, an' for me jess to come to de post-office an' ax de ole gin'ral for hit." I unraveled the mystery of the postal system for him, and when he got his letter and stowed it away in the lining of his hat, something in the expression or action struck me with a sudden familiarity, and I said:

"Uncle Ike, don't you remember Dick Buckner?" He looked at me a moment, and then he seized me in an embrace that lifted me off the pavement. "Mars Dick!" he said. "I 'clar to 'gracious, jess didn't know you in yo' sto' clothes."

"I took the old man back to the hotel with me, and we spent the day talking over old times, and—b-but I beg your pardon," said the colonel, breaking off abruptly, "personal reminiscences are always a bore."

"Go on," said the major; "when people have reached our ages they are entitled to their reminiscences."

There was evidently a story in the colonel's mind that he needed little urging to tell, but he gave a deprecating little wave of his hand as he continued:

"I was just remembering Uncle Ike's story about his young master," he said. "It was something so fine and dramatic in its way, we should say it was too good to be true. I saw it in print, but I knew all about it in its beginnings."

"You see, ole Ike's young master and I were boys together, plantations joined, and we were inseparable. We went to school together, hunted and fished together, were beaten for the same juvenile offenses, and when the war came along we fought it out side by side. I don't think," said the colonel, slowly, "the good God ever made a finer man than Billy Baynham—handsome, clever, brave, loyal, he was one of the men who capture your fancy by their charms and hold you by their real worth. There was a fire and vim and enthusiasm about him that carried everything before them. Gentle and affectionate as a woman, too, but under all his airy sweetness of manner and geniality was an iron will and determination, and once roused his hatred, he was implacable in his dislike."

"It goes without saying that such a fellow as he should have a love affair, and should love with all the passionate fervor of his nature. What is it, Carrington, you beardless young cynic quote from the French? 'In love, one loves, the other consents to be loved'—and Billy loved. It began when they were children, and I think none of us ever thought of anything but Billy and Diana Worthington marrying. You see, he was altogether unexceptional as a match, independent of his infatuation for her, and boy or man he never had eyes for any one else. She was the one woman in the world for him, and she held his heart in the palm of her little hand."

"None of us thought the loss of her that she was a bit of a coquette and had a hundred men following af-

ter her—least of all did Billy. He was too loyal to be jealous, too honorable and chivalrous to believe the woman he loved could stoop to deceit; for the rest, who could see her and not admire? And she was his, he was so secure, so exultant—

"Then the war came on, and Billy and I and the rest of my world and yours, major, went out to fight for the South."

"It is not easy always to hear lovers' raptures in patience," said the colonel, after a pause; "but I had known—poor Billy! The thought of Diana's love and welcome cheered and brightened for him those four long, awful years of bitter trial and sore defeat, and when, after Lee's surrender, we turned our faces homeward the joy of seeing her again swamped up all troubles in it."

"I remember as if it were yesterday how we came home." The narrator's voice trembled, and the major instinctively reached out his hand toward him. "I remember how—how it all looked—the familiar scene that the desolation of war had touched and shrouded with its curse—the untilled fields, the broken fences, the ruined homes. We rode along with bowed heads and heavy hearts, two weary, gaunt, ragged soldiers of a lost cause, when suddenly our horses shied, and coming toward us, down a shady pathway, was Diana Worthington. I looked at Billy, at his transfigured face, and then I turned my back. It is not good for one man to look on the unveiled soul of another."

"Diana, Diana!" I heard him cry as he threw himself off his horse and at her feet, and then he caught her hands and held them against his ragged gray jacket as if he would still the tumult of his beating heart."

"Oh, Billy," she answered, with the light laugh I remembered so well of old. "Oh, Billy, haven't you learned any self control in all these years? You must forget I am married."

"Married?" he cried, and reeled and would have fallen, but I caught him.

"Why, yes," she said; "to Mr. Appleby. Haven't you heard it? And she laughed again as if she did not know every word stabbed him. You know," said the colonel, softly, "that when a man gets his death wound sometimes he stands still and straight for a moment, unconscious even of the pain. It was that way with Billy. He straightened himself, as I've seen him do when he charged the enemy, but his voice never raised itself above a whisper. He compelled his eyes to meet hers."

"He wore by the love and truth you have murdered in me," he said, "you shall answer to me for this. Tell your husband that, and when the day comes I will show as little mercy as you have shown me. Go!" And he pointed sternly to the woodland path she had come. "Go; you dishonor an honest man with your presence."

"She shrank away from him, from his baggard face and accusing eyes, and when she had gone I turned to him with—God knows what words of impotent sympathy—but before the misery in his face, pity itself was dumb. Betrayed, forsaken by the woman he worshipped—what was there to say?"

"He waved his hand to me in farewell, and struck off into a bridlepath that led to his ruined home, and the very night seemed to close in around him in added darkness as he went forth on his lonely and despairing way."

"Of course we soon knew the particulars of Diana Worthington's marriage. The Baynham estate, like many another in the South, was swallowed up in the maelstrom of war. Old Mr. Baynham had speculated in Confederate money, failed, of course, died; and when Billy came home he was absolutely penniless. Diana had no notion of wasting her charms on an impecunious husband, and a wealthy man coming along, she married him. It was all very commonplace and unromantic, and—usual—only, you see, I knew Billy."

"Well, I came on here to try to retrieve my own fortunes, which were bad enough, God knows, and I rather lost sight of Baynham. Of course I knew he stalked the colonel and after while we selected Governor, but I didn't know much else until the other day when I met Uncle Ike, his old body servant, as I was telling you."

"It seems that of the slaves and possessions that had once been Baynham's, all were gone; he had absolutely nothing with which to start his unequal fight against fate, except his iron will and determination to succeed. He stayed for a few days in the old home, gathering himself together after the blow Diana had given him, and then one morning he called Uncle Ike and his wife into the house and explained to them his plan. He was going into the country town to study law. The old man protested against it, saying he didn't starve for the seed of aches looked very flattering for it. But Billy's wife—who had carried Billy on her tender black breast when he was a baby, encouraged him in it. So he went. And, by Jove!" said the colonel, with his face alight with enthusiasm, "that old colored man told me the story as simply, and with no more idea of the fine part he and his wife played in it than a child. He said Baynham went to the country town and hired a couple of poor rooms, and put every cent he had in books, and foraged for himself—cooking miserable messes on a rusty grate."

"He went hungry many a time," said the old man; "an' he would 'a' been hungry more still if it hadn't been for Judy. You know she promised ole Miss she gwine to take kider Mars Billy when he's a baby, an' she says she gwine to do it; so she tuk an' hire herself out, an' ev'ry week she go in de town an' take Mars Billy a basket full of snack. You know she jess fairly scrimp herself an' me to feed him." The old fellow chuckled to himself, and then he added: "Maybe you tink Mars Billy's done forgot dat time! Maybe you tink Judy ain't got a silk dress lak a lady, an' money in her paws—but you know the Baynham's."

"Well, of course it was a foregone conclusion that Billy would succeed. Law clients came to him; then he went into politics and was elected Governor. When he received the nomination for re-election, promi-

neat among those who opposed him was the man who had married Diana Worthington—Appleby. He even went so far as to take the stump against him, and at one place, when Tom Mason, one of Billy's ardent friends, and he were pitted against each other they indulged in some personalities, and Appleby so far lost his temper as to make some threats against Mason. I suppose it didn't amount to anything, though Appleby was bitterly disliked by his neighbors; but toward morning Tom's horse strayed into the town and was covered with blood, and they found Tom in a lonely part of a sequestered road—murdered—shot in the back. Appleby had been seen to enter that road soon after Tom. Some colored men had heard a shot fired as they went home, from work. A dozen witnesses testified to his threat—you know how the links in a chain of circumstantial evidence tighten and tighten about the victim's neck; and the result was, Appleby was tried and convicted of the murder of Tom Mason, and sentenced to be hanged."

"Appleby was cordially disliked by his neighbors, but after the sentence was passed and the day of execution drawing near there was a sort of reaction in public feeling; that malignant sentiment," interrupted the colonel, testily, "that prompts us to try to save the sinner from the consequences of his sin. You don't like to have your acquaintances in the stripes even if you don't fancy them, and people were sorry for his wife and children, and the result was a petition was gotten up, asking for executive clemency, and Diana took it herself to Billy. They say he read it through, as she stood covering before him, and then looked at her with those stern, accusing eyes of his. The murdered man was my friend," he said, "and his blood cries to me for vengeance. If the slayer were my brother I would give him up to justice. Go; this is my last word to you. You have killed him. Years ago you murdered all that was good in me. So he turned her from his door."

"No other effort was made to save him. People who knew Billy's impartial justice knew how futile all further endeavor would be, and so the days rolled on until the execution was only a couple of days off. Then, suddenly, one night, one of the men who had testified to hearing the shot fired, and to having seen the two men enter the woods, sent for Uncle Ike and confessed he had had an old grudge against Appleby, and had been lying in wait for him, knowing a horseman coming he had fired and fled, only to find, to his horror, next day, that he had killed Tom Mason instead of his enemy. Tom, when suspicion pointed toward Appleby, he had gladly shielded himself behind it. Now he was dying, and dared not go into eternity with the secret on his soul."

"I was in an' about skeer'd to death," said the old man when he told me this, "but I knowed something mus' be done to keep Mars Billy from hangin' that man, so I went home an' ratch down my coat off de wall, an' Judy, she saddle Mars Jane—she's my mule—an' I put off to find Mars Billy. All dat night I rid, an' de nex' day 'bout deek, I come to de capitol an' dere I see light in de window, an' dere sot Mars Billy. I cross up right close to de glass an' looked in, an' I see dat he looked kinder ole an' wore an mighty broke, an' I membered dat I n't never seen de light in his eyes an' de smile on his face since Miss D. marry Mars Appleby. I done dat no woman would ever rest his tired head on her breast, an' no little children ever play about his feet—an' then I thought, 'bout what I come for, an' I 'clar to God, Mars Dick, I wuz skeer'd to go in. By an' by a clock somewhere struck, an' I membered dere wa'n't no time to waste, an' I pushed open de do' and went in."

"Dat you, Ike?" asked Mars Billy, when he see me; an' I say, 'Yessir.' An' den he ax me what I want, an' I tell him an' I say, 'Mars Billy, I come for Mr. Appleby's pardon.' His face—hit looked like death, hit was so white an' drawn, an' then he says, 'Who's to prove the truth of what you say?' An' I answered, 'De grave.' An' then I hear him say, right easy to himself, 'My revenge is in my own hands—a life for a life—an' they murdered me.' Then he say out loud, 'In a few more hours your message would be too late—the scaffold is already built. What if I refuset to listen to you?'"

"Mars Billy," I say, "you daan't do it for yo' own soul sake," but he didn't listen, an' den I went over an' took his han' in mine, lak he was a little child agin, an' I says, 'Mars Billy, I is a good servant to you!' An' he says, 'A faithful fren' that stood by me when the world fell away, an' helped put me here.' An' I says, 'Is I ever took any pay?' An' he says, 'None.' An' I says, 'Pay me now; give me dis man's pardon.' Well, he set still a while, an' then he writ somethin' on a yellow paper dat say, 'Reprieved.' An' he sent it off by a boy. An' I know I done save more than Mr. Appleby's life—I done save Mars Billy's soul."

The colonel was silent a moment, and then he gave a deprecating little cough. "I beg your pardon," he said, as he fumbled in his pockets for his cigar case. "I did not mean to make such a long story of it—but I—I—Mars Billy when we were boys."—Leslie's Weekly.

Babies Are Cheaper Now.

There is a sign in a photographer's window in the city whose wording might horrify those who are not initiated and do not know that the way of the advertiser is hard and the methods to attract attention devious. "Babies reduced to \$2 a dozen," was literally put at this low figure, but that likeness of that number can be had at that price.

This word of explanation may be timely and avoid disappointment on the part of those who may be inclined to take advantage of so generous a sounding offer.

WHAT THE LIGHTS TELL.

Signals of Ships at Night, and What They Mean.

A railroad train cannot turn to the right or left at will, for it is bound by the iron rails to go the way they lead, and the trains running toward it are guided in another set of tracks to pass safely by. Therefore, the engineer may rush his train along over the guiding tracks, through the brightness of day or the darkness of night, with no fear save for the most unforeseen and infrequent accidents. On the sea, however, a ship can go whichever way she is turned, and other ships may meet her coming from any direction. The broad ocean, then, may be looked upon as covered with an enormous network of tracks crossing one another in all directions, where a ship may be switched from one track to another will be determined by the signals that come from each other, and be turned aside to pass in safety; for not only can they be seen, but the direction in which they are going is known. Still, even in the daytime certain rules must be followed to insure perfect safety. How then, do ships, pursuing so many intersecting tracks, pass the others safely in spite of the darkness of the night?

Imagine yourself on the bridge of a big ship. It is really a bridge, you know, high above the deck, extending from side to side near the bow, and projecting a little beyond the sides so that from each end a man can see straight ahead without being obliged to turn his head. It is a narrow and very dark. Even the ship is only a long, dark shadow under your feet. Over the sky may be a pall of cloud, and you peer away into the darkness, but cannot even tell where sea and sky come together. All is inky blackness above and below. Spreading outward from the bow of the ship is a foaming, phosphorescent wave, which tells how rapidly she is rushing onward over the unseen waters and into the dangers of the impenetrable gloom. In the middle of the bridge stands a man holding a wheel and gazing at a compass lit up by a little lamp. With that wheel he turns the rudder to keep the ship steadily pointed in the same direction by the compass. That direction is her track. Other ships may be on that track; other ships may be crossing that track in the darkness. How are they to be avoided?

On each side of the bridge stands a man peering continually into the gloom ahead, while back and forth, almost incessantly, paces a fourth man, an officer, who, like the others, is continually gazing ahead or glancing at the compass. He is the officer of the deck. On him rests the responsibility of avoiding all other vessels which may cross his vessel's track or be approaching her upon it. Upon his quickness and judgment depends the safety of the ship. In the daytime he has seen one, two, or perhaps a dozen ships around him during a single hour, and he knows that just as many may be around him during any hour of the night. How, then, is he to know where they are, and how to keep out of their way?

Their lights will tell.

When you face towards the ship's bow the side at your right hand is called the starboard side, and the side at your left hand is called the port side. On her starboard side a ship carries at night a green light, and it is so shut in by two sides of a box that it cannot be seen from the port side or from behind. On her port side she carries a red light, and it is so shut in that it cannot be seen from the starboard side or from behind. If the ship is a steamship she carries a big white light at her foremast-head, but if she is a sailing vessel she does not. This white masthead light can be seen from all round except from behind.

So long then, as the officer of the deck sees no lights, he feels sure that there are no vessels near him, and paces his watch in security.

THE TARANTULA'S ENEMY.

A Wasp That Never Fails to Kill the Deadly Insect.

Notwithstanding all the tarantula's great courage and pugnacity, there is one enemy the sound of whose coming throws it into paroxysms of fear. This enemy of which it has such an instinctive dread is a large wasp known as the "Tarantula-killer." It has a bright blue body nearly two inches long and wings of a golden hue. As it flies here and there in the sunlight, glittering like a flash of fire, one moment resting on a leaf, the next on a granite boulder, it keeps up an incessant buzzing, which is caused by the vibration of its wings. No sooner does the tarantula hear this than he trembles with fear, for well he knows the fate in store for him when once his mortal foe perceives his whereabouts. This attack, which is so sudden and so swift, is the result of a flash of fire, one moment resting on a leaf, the next on a granite boulder, it keeps up an incessant buzzing, which is caused by the vibration of its wings. 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